

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

JUNE 22, 1940

WHO'S WHO

GEORGE WELLER is Director of the Homeland Foundation, 112 East 19th Street, New York City, which distributes information concerning the Decentralist movement. In conjunction with Ralph Borsodi, Chauncey Stillman, Monsignor Luigi Ligutti and others, Mr. Weller is active in promoting projects leading to financial independence and distributed ownership of small property. . . . PAUL L. BLAKELY likes the Jehovah Witness Case decision less at every reading. This week he discusses the danger implied of educational dictatorship. . . . JOHN A. TOOMEY has been tracing a fertile source of Fifth Columnism in the un-American and anti-religious principles that have crept into our schools. He concludes the disturbing evidence based on contributions to his Double-Anti contest and announces third and fourth prize winners. . . . Adam and Eve became first page news a short time ago when reporters became amateur theologians and discovered a complete exoneration of Eve in the new Baltimore Catechism. FRANCIS J. CONNELL, C.S.S.R., master theologian, author and professor of theology at Mount St. Alphonsus, Esopus, N. Y., puts Eve in her place again, and with her the reporters. . . . COMMANDER WILLIAM A. MAGUIRE, as befits a Navy chaplain, has traveled far. Out of a tour of duty in Russia, he brings a painting and a story. . . . JOHN G. ROWE, an old contributor from England, had filled out the necessary form and was awaiting government approval for American stamps when he sent his article on Pugin. The return postage would have been superfluous. . . . With the exception of MAURA LAVERTY, who woos her muse in a castle in Dublin, the poets are all old friends and as charming as ever.

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COMMENT

MUSSOLINI has hurled forty-five million unwilling people into war on the side of a man whose notions (they cannot be called principles or even ideas) they detest. He has not, as has been said, struck a dagger in the back of a neighbor, for England and France have not been in many years "neighbors" of Italy. He has committed a much worse crime. He has struck a dagger into the back of his own people. They did not like the Axis but they tolerated it because they believed the Duce when he told them that England and France had forced him into the alliance. With a stupid sort of faith they continued to hope that he would find a way to release them from the embarrassment of unwanted allies. They believed that they had real grievances against France and England. They were ready, if necessary, to fight for the redress of those grievances; but up to the very declaration of war, they refused to believe that the Duce whom they usually trusted and sometimes idolized would force upon them the public shame of fighting side by side with the man who is determined to destroy the culture that is Italy's glory, the key to an understanding of Italian history and perhaps Italy's only reason for existence. Since they must fight, they will fight courageously, but their hearts will not be in their fighting. The Duce may have demanded too much of the docility of his people.

CIRCLING among the Italian groups of any of our cities and towns in quest of opinion will convince one thoroughly of what the reaction of the Italian people here in this country is to Mussolini's declaration of war on France and England. They are definitely opposed to Italy's entrance into the war. They believe that the Duce has betrayed them, that they, the Italian people, have lost face with the world. This attitude is further confirmed by pronouncements in the press from Italian leaders in this country. So widespread is this attitude that one cannot but feel we have here a reflection of Italian opinion at home. From all reliable reports that come from Italy, apart from the Fascist-controlled press, Italy had no grievance against France that could not have been settled without recourse to the wasteful process of war. These American people of Italian birth or lineage have grown to fear, in recent years, the influence of Hitler over Mussolini. When the months slipped by without any move on the part of Mussolini, they began to hope—some were even convinced—that the Italian leader had given no pledges at Brenner Pass. The declaration of war on June 10 blasted their hopes. Italians in this country are loud in their condemnation of Mussolini's move. "We feel," declared Representative d'Allesandro, of Maryland, "that he should have listened to the advice of His Holiness,

Pope Pius XII, who pleaded that peace be maintained. Mussolini cannot gain anything by tying up with a madman." It is important that these Americans (they dislike the hyphenated word), who are not responsible for Mussolini's action and did not favor his participation in the war, should not be made the victims of American bitterness.

PROPONENTS of the League of Nations, these days, are enjoying the privilege of flinging at their opponents in this country an "I told you so." Some go so far as to state that the present European upheaval can be ultimately laid to the door of American "isolationists." If the United States had been a party to the League, they further affirm, the situation in Europe could never have arisen; our influence would have been such as to hold the League together, and Hitler's rise to power would have been out of the question. All this seems rather like a lot of wishful thinking. The failure of the League did not date with the refusal of the United States Senate to ratify the Wilson plan. It went back further to the council chamber where the articles of the Versailles Treaty were formulated. Had the nations, then, paid heed to the warning of Benedict XV, there would not have been today an invasion of Holland, another rape of Belgium, a second Battle of the Marne. There can be no peace in the world that is motivated by feelings of hatred and actuated by selfish interests. Until justice and equity prevail, said the late Benedict in a plaint that fell upon deaf ears, the most we can expect is an armed truce.

ANGRY, vehement and contradictory are the communiques being issued by both sides in the current Battle of Trenton, N. J., and it is difficult for us here, at some distance from the lovely river and city which Washington and his troops made famous, to determine just what it was that the State Relief Director really ordered. We trust, however, that the first reports from Trenton were unfounded, for if they were not, we are about to witness a new and violent attack upon civil liberties by State officials in New Jersey. The State Director of Relief moved last week to cut down expenditures, said these reports. First, he quoted regulations withholding relief funds from persons out of work who refuse to accept "whatever employment is available." Then, in a startling statement, he ruled that service in the army is employment within the meaning of the law. As a consequence, relief is to be denied to young men eligible to military service, since "it is a patriotic duty, particularly for those receiving public assistance, to enlist." But that is conscription. It is compulsory military ser-

vice in the United States Army—enforced, entirely outside its powers, by a State agency. We still have a Constitution in this country; it provides that only Congress, in virtue of its war-making powers, can raise Federal armies and compel service in the United States forces. Any State official who impresses young men into the regular Army by economic threats is assuming powers delegated to Congress. And any State law compelling "employment" in the Federal forces is a draft infringing Article 1, Section 8, of the Constitution.

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THERE is much to be said for and against compulsory military training for all. Sophists and word-jugglers are busily proving that such military training is of the very essence of democracy, that it cannot exist where democracy does not exist. Be that as it may, it must be allowed that in some countries it is really universal, if not democratic. Even deputies and senators are as liable for war duty as students and ditch-diggers. If we are to have such training in the United States, then let it be similarly universal. Let it begin in Washington. Senators and Representatives can readily be spared from their onerous duties of rubber-stamping and speech-making. No less a person than the President himself is authority for that assertion. Adjourn Congress, put the congressmen in training camps—as privates—and give them the assurance, comforting to real patriots, that, if war should be declared, the country will not only gladly accept their services but even demand that they be the very first to sail and put to good advantage the newly acquired military training that they so enthusiastically endorse for others. Immediately behind this ponderous first line, place the older patriots of the pen and platform, the university presidents and professors, the editors and columnists and authors and playwrights who have been clamoring for war and berating the cowardice of the young. The youth of America today are not cowardly. They may be a trifle bewildered, but even in their bewilderment, they are ready as ever to follow the example of their elders. They believe firmly that we must be ready, if necessary, to die for our beliefs, for those things that are "nobler than ourselves"; but sometimes they suspect the older patriots of being only too willing to allow others to die for those nobler things. Youth may rightly distrust in war a leadership that failed in peace.

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FEATURING one of those religious celebrations ever memorable in Ireland was the address of the Primate Cardinal MacRory at the centenary celebration of St. Mel's Cathedral, Longford. Speaking to a vast assemblage of 20,000 that had come from the six adjoining counties, in the presence of the Apostolic Nuncio and ten bishops, the Cardinal expressed the "hope that, whatever may be the issue of this war, Ireland may, at last, come into her own. I would like to see Partition ended because I believe that in a free Ireland, an Ireland free and undivided, our people would learn to understand

one another, to trust one another, respect one another, and in the end love one another." Calling attention to the address presented to him which emphasized his being Primate of all Ireland he said there was no partition in Ireland under the aspect of religion; this was true also of the other religious bodies of Ireland. "Partition was reserved for political Ireland and reserved in order to keep our people divided and weak." Speaking under the stress and strain of another world war, His Eminence said it was admittedly fought to undo the domination and serfdom of small nations and so hoped Ireland's case would not be again forgotten. Then the Primate spoke this noble credo well worthy of his official position: "For myself I want to say here, I bear no shade of ill-will to any Protestant in the world because of his religion. I would be prepared to do all I could to secure justice for all, and even be prepared to go a little further than justice to secure unity because I believe in my heart that unity of the country, in the long run, would be beneficial to every creed and class."

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WITH war tagging our heels, it is not surprising that people turn to God in prayer. It was always thus. Denial of God or indifference to Him becomes *modish* in times of peace and security, and it not infrequently happens that prosperity begets the greater, more heinous, kind of sin. But in time of adversity, even the fool, who makes such a display of his disbelief in God, falls on his knees. It is safe to say that more fervent, sincere prayers were offered to God during the past few weeks in France and England than have been uttered in the past two decades. In the midst of hysteria that threatens to draw us into the maelstrom, it would be well for us all to take stock of ourselves. If there is one thing the world needs, remarks a writer in the *San Francisco News Letter*, it is a reawakening of the principles of the Decalog, particularly in the minds of the young. We are horrified at the news coming out of Europe, yet reduced to simplest terms it amounts to nothing more than murder, greed, theft, lust, and the rest of the things forbidden by God's Commandments. We sit by complacently and allow the godless group who have gotten control of our public-school system to indoctrinate our young people with disbelief in a personal God to whom we are responsible for our actions. Children are taught that modern investigation has outmoded that inhibitive code known as the Decalog. In one of our large cities a teacher was reprimanded by the Board of Education for having called attention to the Seventh Commandment because of numerous incidents of theft occurring in the class. Is it not high time to begin a thorough housecleaning? "Let our teachers," remarks the *News Letter*, "inculcate . . . in our young the practice of the Creator's sound rules of human conduct, and society will soon find those blessings for which it is now so vainly searching in the tyrannical, morally perverting 'isms' of corrupt innovators." But there will be slight respect for God's law among people who deny His very existence.

HOME PRODUCTION SHOWS WAY TO CUT HIGH COST OF LIVING

GEORGE WELLER

HOME production represents an attempt to free the human family in a measure from dependence upon cash-paid labor and exterior sources of nutrition. It is meant, by its re-discoverers of today, to be studied and investigated upon a factual and scientific basis, under which the problems of labor involved *versus* money savings achieved can be worked out on a basis independent of the political and physical advantages of a more independent life. This is an attempt to create an orderly pattern by which man, woman and child can be enabled to have within their own possession, usable and at hand, the means of producing the things they need.

The purpose of an education in home production is to make it possible for the individual to be more independent and to enable him and his family to bargain more sternly with the world about them, driving a harder deal for that measure of cash dependence which, even in a wonderfully mechanized world, will remain at an unavoidable minimum.

Home production is nothing new. The home is the oldest place for production. It is only in a day when homes have become mere offices for the family that the productive rôle of the home has been lost. And it has been lost, ostensibly, because it has stood in the way of economic progress. It was not efficient, the mass-production food industries have taught generations of American housewives, to prepare food in their own homes when it could be cheaply pre-prepared in a factory. Two generations of Americans were taught to measure the efficiency of these food factories in terms of quantity production rather than of consumer cost, in cost of production at the end of the factory assembly line rather than on the kitchenette table. Only now, through such books as the Twentieth Century Fund's *Does Distribution Cost Too Much?* is there slowly awakening a suspicion that mass production may not be so efficient as it seems.

Fifteen years ago an economist named Ralph Borsodi dared to doubt the efficiency of mass production in a book called *The Distribution Age*. In that book he enunciated a basic law which has now emerged to haunt and confuse the builders of highly industrialized, collectivized and centralized societies such as those of Russia, Germany, England and, to an increasing degree, the United States.

The law may be stated briefly: the cost of production has an inverse ratio to the cost of distribution. This means simply that whenever you lower production costs by increasing the number of units

produced, you are obliged to find so great a number of customers for the new units that your grid of distribution must be extended to an inefficient degree. The more you save at the source, the more consumers you have to find, and the more it costs to reach them. Like the centralized state, the centralized production system leads to impotence at the extremities and apoplexy at the center.

The whole new school of decentralist thinkers has, in fact, turned the streamlined industrial age upside down, as though it were a horseshoe crab, and revealed thousands of futile and unnecessary feelers laboring below it. The decentralists ask themselves this question: What would happen if, instead of trying to have everybody's article produced in a single place, and thereby making it necessary for the place to be as far as possible from where each consumer resides, ingenuity should be turned to make it possible for that consumer to produce for himself at the place of consumption—the home—those things which he most needs?

Experimenting with home production, the decentralists have found that the entire inventive genius of America has left this field neglected, has concentrated on mass production, has ignored, and in some cases even suppressed, small scale—community and home size—machinery that was much more efficient. Although Borsodi's School of Living at Suffern, New York, has come to be recognized as the chief experimental center for home production in the United States, there is nothing new or untried about the act of home production. Millions of families in the United States have their own hens, bake their own bread, do their own laundry, and keep kitchen gardens. What does "worth doing" mean? It means one thing to the \$25 a day executive and another to the man on WPA; one thing to the \$100 a week worker and a different thing to the cafeteria busgirl wiping black enameled tables for \$5 a week and tips.

The purpose of the new researches, now embodied in a series of bulletins, is not to find out whether to save money by washing at home or by sending your laundry outside, but to discover how much money you save *per hour of labor*. The method of computation is simple. Take the analysis of the cost of baking bread. It includes not only cost of all materials from the flour to the pinch of salt, but also fuel and amortization on a ten-year basis of stove and kitchen equipment. There is no cheating on computation of time either; time is included

for washing up utensils before preparing the bread as well as for cleaning the kitchen afterward. Then the cost in money of similar bread bought outside is compared with the cost of making it at home, the earning rate is computed by dividing the time into the amount saved, and the home labor rate for bread baking works out to nearly fifty cents an hour.

It might be thought that this method would naturally have been employed for a long time in the home economics departments of universities, but this is not the case. Education in home economics in America today is almost purely instruction in techniques. There is no distinction made between classes of girls who learn to embroider ornate blouses in the Hungarian peasant style (art work) and those who learn to prepare a plain household dress for themselves. With the former, the elaborate work and the length of time involved may make the earning rate something like ten cents an hour, whereas with the latter, it may run as high as one dollar an hour.

In an amusingly malicious sketch in the pages of *AMERICA* some weeks ago, Norbert Engels satirized a woman lecturer who described her experiments. Mr. Engels quite properly pointed out that it was not the most civilized thing in the world to measure all one's activities by a stop watch or to devote oneself (as Mr. Propter in the new Aldous Huxley novel has been accused of doing) to "a consumers' research kind of life."

The purpose of the researches in which the decentralists have led the way, and which educational institutions are slowly taking up, is not to make Americans spend the rest of their lives using a budget book and pencil, but to free them from the very necessity of doing so. If you once know that you could earn 67c an hour raising carrots in your garden, but only 36c an hour raising turnips, is it not worth finding out once and for all that carrots are the thing to plant? Potatoes and tomatoes sound alike when the amateur home productionist pairs them as natural staples of his first garden; but potatoes pay off at only 6c for each hour of labor while tomatoes render back \$1.98. Cabbage and peas, to the uninquiring eye, seem to be pretty much on a par; yet peas pay \$1.61 in money saved for each hour spent, while cabbage growing is worth only 23c an hour. These are matters upon which no one needs to ruminate very long, but they happen to be worth making known at a time when not all the people who are hungry can depend upon being supported by a cash salary and fed by the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company. There happen to be a great many millions of such people in this country today, and it is the aim of the decentralists to place more of the means of production directly in their hands.

Since the little known cause of home production is sometimes confused with the much widely recognized matter of consumer education, it is important that the newcomer should not confuse them. Consumer education teaches how and what to buy; home production teaches how and what to make, use and do. Consumer education will tell you

whether to buy milk from Sheffield or Borden; home production compares the quality of raw and pasteurized milk and examines the cost of keeping a couple of goats or sharing with two or three neighbors the cost of a family cow. Consumer education teaches how to distinguish between the term policies of two life insurance companies; home production explains how to center insurance around home ownership rather than cash, and how to start a cooperative life insurance club or a credit union. Consumer education teaches whether to buy a Washaway or a Swishsmooth laundry machine; home production determines whether you should do the laundry at home or send it out.

The big difference between the two kinds of education, and the place where home production undermines the entire consumer movement in realism, is in the factor of time. In the utopian consumers' state, collectivist even though it calls itself cooperative, everything would be distributed by a giant socialized machine. The only trouble with such a machine is that it does not work. If you were to ask the long lines of people waiting for oranges and overcoats in Moscow, they would have, under consumer methods of research, no economic complaint to make except that the snow was cold and the bureaucratic machine slow in giving to them what they came for. But if home production methods of research are used, every hour of waiting time that the proletarian spends in the bread line waiting for it to yield him its products is chalked up as a waste of distribution.

Although none of the consumer research methods would disclose this waste that lies between the factory and the retail outlet, home production methods of analysis include these stolen hours of life and compare them with what might have been done had these idle hands been busy at home. It must be kept in mind, too, that a sizeable industrial system is necessary even in the decentralized state, because multiple small scale electrical machinery is the only base upon which home production can function efficiently.

Everywhere in the world home production is the true frontier of the economic battle. Neglected and unrecognized, it is the no-man's land of research. When the labor boss of Seattle makes it necessary for a garage man to give up constructing an out-building with his own hands and hire a member of the carpenters' union to do it, using as a threat that his fuel supply will otherwise be cut off by the transport workers' union, we have a skirmish on this frontier exactly comparable to Stalin's edict that the peasants on the collective farms must spend less time on their own kitchen gardens and more as cogs in the industrial-farm machine.

What can I do to survive? This is the question the world is asking, and those who are interested in home production are slowly piecing out, between root cellar and sewing room, between the one-cow barn and the three-family diesel electric motor, an answer intended to prop up the falling American standard of living, and to restore as much as possible the bargaining power of the family and the independence of the individual.

OMNIPOTENT SCHOOLBOARDS

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

EDITORIAL comment on the Supreme Court's decision in the case involving the salute to the flag and Jehovah's Witnesses, has not been notable. In a wishy-washy editorial the *New York Times* remarks that it's too bad, but after all we must teach patriotism, although how patriotism can be taught by an enforced flag salute, the editor fails to make clear. The editor of the *New York Sun* writes that "others than members of the sect of Jehovah's Witnesses will find much on which to ponder," in the Court's decision, and inclines to approve the minority opinion of Mr. Justice Stone. The *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, however, speaks its mind without reservations. In an editorial under the caption, "A Terrible Decision," we read:

By judicial fiat Lillian and William Gobitis will be compelled to perform an action which, in their creed, is a sin against God.

We think this decision of the United States Supreme Court dead wrong. We think its decision is a violation of American principle. We think it is a surrender to popular hysteria. If patriotism depends on such things as this—on violation of the fundamental right of religious freedom, then it becomes not a noble emotion of love for country, but something to be rammed down our throats by law. We honor Justice Stone who refused to lend himself to it.

No doubt this hysteria is beginning to make itself felt in an alarming manner. In the last ten days riots, connected with the refusal of Jehovah's Witnesses to salute the flag, have been reported from four States, among them, surprisingly, the staid old State of Maine. Whatever the law, as interpreted by Mr. Justice Frankfurter, may hereafter be for school children, I know of no law, Federal or State, which authorizes mobs to compel anyone to salute the flag, and to inflict bodily injury upon him, should he refuse. Unfortunately, in two, perhaps three, of these cases, the police seem to have sided with the mobs, instead of suppressing them, and the persons jailed were not the assaulters but the assaulted.

A case reported from Massachusetts shows how far this hysteria can carry even the courts. The town of Belchertown filed a complaint in the District Court of Hampshire County, against a nine-year old girl, alleging that the child had refused to salute the flag and recite the pledge of allegiance. On April 17, 1936, the court ruled "that said defendant is a delinquent child, and is a suitable subject for the Hamden County Training School, and that her moral welfare and the good of society require that she should be sent thereto for instruction, employment, and reformation." It will seem incredible, but the sentence of the court was that the child should be taken from her parents, and sent to the Training School which, of course, is

essentially a penal institution, "to be kept during the term of her minority, or until discharged, according to law."

What happened to this child, I do not know; if the higher courts in Massachusetts sustained the decision, I should be greatly surprised. But had they anticipated the decision of the Supreme Court of June 3, 1940, that child would have remained in prison.

For Mr. Justice Frankfurter clearly sustained in his opinion the right of the local educational authorities to require the flag salute from school children and to punish them, or their parents, or both, in case of a refusal, even when this refusal is based on religious motives. Obviously this ruling reverses the position taken by the Court both in the Nebraska language law case (1923) and the Oregon school case (1925). In both these decisions, while the right of the State reasonably to regulate all schools is affirmed, the right of parents to control the education of their children is defended as a right protected by the Constitution. In the Oregon case, the Court held unanimously:

No question is raised concerning the power of the State reasonably to regulate all schools, to inspect, supervise, and examine them, their teachers and pupils; to require that all children of proper age attend some school, that the teachers shall be of good moral character and patriotic disposition, that certain studies plainly essential to good citizenship must be taught, and that nothing be taught which is manifestly inimical to public welfare.

But this authority "reasonably to regulate" has limits. One of these, it might be thought, is imposed by the constitutional guarantees of freedom of religious worship, and the other, by the natural right of parents over their children. The first of these limitations was not involved in the Oregon case as it came before the Court, but the second was recognized in these words:

The fundamental theory of liberty upon which all governments in this Union repose excludes any general power of the State to standardize its children by forcing them to accept instruction from public teachers only. The child is not the mere creature of the State; those who nurture him and direct his destiny have the right, coupled with the high duty, to recognize and prepare him for additional obligations.

Apparently, Mr. Justice Frankfurter has ranked the flag salute with the "certain studies plainly essential to good citizenship" which the State may require all schools to include. But the value of an oath of allegiance, and still more of a salute to the flag, in teaching loyalty to government is highly dubious, particularly when it is demanded from a conscientious objector. What such exactions are more likely to create is hypocrites who will show

their true colors at the first opportunity, or occupants of jail cells, too honest to profess what they do not believe. In any case, the connection between the compulsory flag salute and the teaching of patriotism is absurdly remote.

What further restrictions upon the right of parents to direct the education of their children will the States impose? We do not know; all we know is that these are hysterical days, and that objectors will find no protection in the Supreme Court. Under the decision of June 3, "the legislatures of the various States, and the authorities in a thousand counties and school districts of this country are" not "barred from determining the appropriateness of various means to evoke that unifying sentiment without which there can ultimately be no liberties, civil or religious."

Whatever these authorities may deem proper, they may hereafter enforce, and citizens who believe that their rights have been infringed must submit. For "the court room," writes Mr. Justice Frankfurter, "is not the arena for debating issues of educational policy."

RACKETEERING UNIONS

THAT shift of the garment workers from a C.I.O. to an A.F. of L. union is no victory for William Green. These workers have no desire to be plundered by racketeers, and they plan to insist upon certain amendments to the constitution of the A.F. of L. It is their settled conviction that these amendments are absolutely necessary.

I can tell the garment workers that this will make Mr. Green very, very angry. I put that proposal to him fifteen years ago, and he became so irate that he wrote to inform me that he could no longer carry on our correspondence. The trouble was that I had shown myself to be a crass personage, incapable of understanding that the constitution was sacrosanct. All I had asked was an amendment giving the A.F. of L. authority to expel locals known to be controlled by racketeers, unrepentant ex-convicts, and grafting politicians.

Mr. Green has not changed. In his letter to the union of stage hands and movie employees in convention in Louisville, Mr. Green had no word of reproach for the ineffable Willie Bioff, or for others of that ilk, some of whom are now in jail. He will be greatly offended, if the garment workers press for an amendment which will forbid the locals to elect to office ex-convicts, or known racketeers. It is not that Mr. Green sympathizes with sin. Like President Coolidge's preacher, he disapproves of sin. But he does not think that he ought to do anything about it.

I think the A.F. of L. can do without Mr. Green. It must do without him and other leaders of his way of thinking—or of not thinking—if it is to survive. With these men out of the way, the A.F. of L. can be made a compact group of honest, intelligent, and hard-fighting champions of organized labor. That is a belated consummation for which we must work and pray.

P. L. B.

ADAM AND EVE IN REVISED CATECHISM

FRANCIS J. CONNELL, C.S.S.R.

HEADLINES appeared in the newspapers throughout the United States a few weeks ago: "Eve Exonerated"; "It was all Adam's Fault"; "Eve Blameless in Original Sin." In the columns it was explained that Catholics now ascribe to Adam alone, not to Eve, the blame for the eating of the forbidden fruit in the Garden of Eden. Mr. Hearst detected a note of gallantry in this alleged modernization of doctrine on the part of the Catholic Church and contrasted it with the common teaching of Protestants, who "uncharitably and unchivalrously lay the blame on Eve, representing her as plucking the apple from the tree and persuading Adam to partake."

The occasion of this startling announcement was a paper, read to the members of the National Catholic Educational Association at Kansas City, describing the Revision of the Baltimore Catechism which has been in the process of compilation for the past five years. The sentences on which the newspaper correspondents based their arresting headlines were these: "The Baltimore Catechism ascribes original sin to the transgression of Eve as well as to that of Adam, whereas, according to Catholic teaching, Adam alone was the moral head of the human race, and he alone by his disobedience brought about the loss of sanctifying grace for all mankind. The Revision correctly ascribes the existence of original sin to Adam alone, not to Eve."

The gentlemen of the press evidently thought that "original sin" signifies the actual sin of disobedience committed in Paradise, and concluded that Catholics now teach that Eve was entirely innocent in the matter of the forbidden fruit. This interpretation was corroborated by a statement of the Associated Press to the effect that the Revision makes Adam alone responsible for "the original sin." From the interpolation of the *definite* article, the average reader would indeed conclude that there was reference to an individual act of sin, the first transgression of God's law in Eden.

However, this was a complete misunderstanding. In Catholic theological language "original sin" means, primarily, not the eating of the forbidden fruit in Paradise (of which Eve as well as Adam was guilty), but the deprivation of Sanctifying Grace with which every descendant of Adam and Eve enters the world. When we say that original sin was caused by the transgression of Adam, we mean that God had constituted him the moral head, or representative, of all mankind in such wise that that bestowal of Sanctifying Grace on his descendants was to be dependent on his conduct.

Had he obeyed the Divine command not to eat of the fruit of "the tree of knowledge of good and

evil," all his posterity would have come into the world endowed with supernatural grace, together with certain extraordinary privileges, such as freedom from the dominion of death and immunity from inordinate sensual inclinations. But by his disobedience Adam forfeited these gifts for his descendants. This privation of Sanctifying Grace in each newly created soul is called original sin.

The Baltimore Catechism asserts that "we inherit original sin from our first parents." This statement is, in a way, correct, since Eve induced Adam to sin and thus was indirectly responsible for original sin. However, it is inaccurate, inasmuch as it puts Eve on an equal footing with Adam; whereas she was not, as he was, the representative of all mankind. If she alone, not Adam, had sinned, we should not have been deprived of grace; but if Adam alone, not Eve, had disobeyed, her fidelity would not have merited for us this precious gift. Hence, the Revision is more accurate in stating that "on account of the sin of Adam we, his descendants, come into the world deprived of Sanctifying Grace." It is in such terms that the official pronouncements of the Church usually express the genesis of original sin.

At any rate, the misunderstanding so widely bruited by the press aroused great interest in the Revision, and many are asking: "Why is a new catechism needed?" Of course, a new Catholic catechism does not imply any change of Catholic doctrine in the sense that the Church is now propounding tenets at variance with anything she taught authoritatively in former times. The promise of the Son of God to His Church: "Behold, I am with you all days" is a Divine guarantee that no such contradiction can ever occur.

Nevertheless, new catechisms, or revisions of previous catechisms, are necessary from time to time, and this for a variety of reasons. In the first place, it may become apparent that some doctrines can be stated with greater precision and exactness. An example of this in the Revision of the Baltimore Catechism is the matter of original sin, just described. Other instances of improvement in this respect are to be found particularly in the chapters on the Church and on the Holy Eucharist.

Moreover, with the passing of the years words and phrases become antiquated or acquire a somewhat different meaning; and catechisms must be adapted to the language of the times. The young folks of today would hardly understand aright the reference in Bishop Milner's Scriptural Catechism (published in 1820) to the reading of the Bible in "vulgar languages"; nor would they be likely to grasp the warning of the Boston Catechism (approved by Bishop Fenwick, S.J., in 1843) against the "heathenish observation of omens."

The terminology of the Baltimore Catechism is, on the whole, sufficiently up to date. Yet, there are certain expressions that are somewhat outmoded, such as "lively faith," "excite pious dispositions," and the revisers have endeavored to translate these into words contained in the vocabulary of the normal child of ten or twelve years. However, this does not mean that such words as "Infallibility," "Inde-

fectibility," "Transubstantiation" have been eliminated. These terms are so significant and so frequently used in the Catholic Church that even children should know them; and so, they are incorporated in the Revision with a clear, simple explanation of their meaning.

Furthermore, in the doctrinal and moral instruction of youth special attention must be given to the particular needs of the times; and this manifests itself in the stressing of certain phases of Catholic teaching in catechisms. Archbishop Butler's Catechism, published in 1775, abounded in arguments from Scripture; for non-Catholics as well as Catholics in those days acknowledged the inspiration of the Bible and admitted the basic principles of Christian morality. But today, even the foundations of religion are attacked; and on that account the Revision provides a summary proof from natural reason of such fundamental religious truths as the existence of God and the immortality of the soul. In fact, there is a complete chapter, entitled *Why I am a Catholic*, propounding step by step the logical process that leads one into the Church. Recognition of the many moral dangers that surround the youth of today is seen in the detailed exposition of the Commandments of God and of the Church, with emphasis on the moral virtues.

Finally, it must be remembered that a development of Catholic doctrine is possible in the sense that, in the course of time, the Church can acquire a more profound and a more explicit understanding of the revealed truths committed to its custody, and a deeper appreciation of the means of holiness encompassed by its ministry. This supernatural development must be reflected even in so elementary a manual as a catechism. The Revision takes cognizance of this growth of Catholicism by stressing phases of doctrine and of worship that have come to the fuller consciousness of the Church in recent times and are clearly destined by Divine Providence to be remedies for the ills of the world—the doctrines of the Mystical Body and of the Kingship of Christ, and the practices of active assistance at Holy Mass and of daily communion.

The Revision of the Baltimore Catechism is now in Rome, being examined by the Holy See. It is the composite work of at least two hundred persons—bishops, priests, religious and members of the laity. They have exercised meticulous care in the choice of material, the mode of presentation and the vocabulary. What was best in the Baltimore Catechism they have kept, while striving to improve features in which improvement was called for.

The Revision is one of the projects of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, now functioning so actively throughout the United States. It is not intended to be the "last word" in catechisms; as years go on it will be succeeded by other catechisms, each adapted to the needs of the times, each marking a more profound grasp of the truths of Catholicism. But, it is hoped, the Revision will serve for some time to bring to the minds and hearts of Catholic youth knowledge and love of the supernatural treasures consigned to the Church by Him Who is the Way, the Truth and the Life.

DOUBLE-ANTI JUDGES NAME OTHER WINNERS IN CONTEST

Religion and morals are objects of educators' attack

JOHN A. TOOMEY, S.J.

THE third prize in the Double-Anti Contest is awarded, the judges reveal, to Right Rev. Hugh L. McMenamin, LL.D., Rector of the Cathedral, Denver, Col., whose entry reported an investigation made of a tax-supported educational institution in Colorado. The report, which consists of thirty-six single-spaced typewritten pages, paints a startling picture of the dangers to Faith confronting young people in secular institutions of learning. One must recall, in perusing some of the book titles given below, that lowering of moral ideals usually results in corrosion of religious beliefs.

The report asserts that shortly after the new president of the institution took office, he placed orders for hundreds of books, without consultation with the librarian, and inaugurated an "open shelf" library whereby the youthful students were free to take any of these books without request or supervision. "Books ordered as required reading for the president's classes," says the report, "reveal a far greater degree of sexual filth than the published works of Bertrand Russell." An idea of what sort of books were ordered by the president may be obtained from the following titles: *Factors in the Sex Life of Twenty-two Hundred Women, Sex in Marriage, Birth Control in Practice, The Expectant Mother's Handbook, The Climacteric, Sex Among the Savages*.

Three months after the president assumed office, his "open shelf" library began producing fruit, the report intimates: "The influence of the books on the students was quickly reflected in titles of their 2,000-word themes written for an English class. A few of the theme subjects of the youthful pupils follow: 'History of Courtship,' 'The Status of Women in Primitive Society,' 'Influence of the Church on Family Relationships,' 'Marriage Ceremonies of the Primitives,' 'Types of Marriage and Their Origin,' 'Trial Marriage'."

Some of the books enter into minute detail about sex relations and sex perversion, are most complacent about forms of the latter, seeking to take the stigma away, to portray them as not blame-worthy. One book gives "long and detailed descriptions of the intimate lives and activities of many prostitutes."

The length of the report precludes the possibility

of reproducing all its quotations from books of an anti-religious flavor. A few must suffice. One volume uses the following misleading language in stating the case against religion. It says the arguments that may be adduced against religion "include discouragement of industry (in favor of rites or holy idleness), and of the accumulation of capital, an enormous absorption of resources for unproductive purposes, the fostering of 'holy wars,' encroachment on government, the dissemination of prejudice within the family, opposition to the advance of knowledge and to freedom of thought."

A distorted view of religion is held up before young, plastic minds in this passage: "Until pretty much freed from anxiety about livelihood, men hold to beliefs and perform cult-obligations for no other end than the avoidance of material calamity." Pouring scorn on religious weddings, another passage smart-alecks: "A weeping bride, uneasy over a routine civil ceremony, has often been reassured by additional priestly mumblings."

Pleas for legalization of murder, the species of murder known as abortion, are "addressed to college men and women and all other intelligent and educated persons." The Word of God is a target for this patronizing slur: "For most of us the day is past when the reading of the Bible can have a central place in the family life because we no longer regard the Bible with the reverence that a former generation accorded it."

The rejection of Almighty God, and the spread of barnyard morals which always results from such rejection, is complacently described: "The chief reason why the older sex controls have broken down with the younger generation is that the sanctions were founded upon those dogmas of supernatural religion which are today rejected by an ever growing number of the youth of the land." A jab at the "sex mores of orthodox religion," is introduced.

Soviet Russia appears in attractive garb in some of the passages. The following false statements are samples: "The benefits of the efficiency of state capitalism in Soviet Russia are directly transferred to the mass of the people. . . . The repudiation of supernatural religion has mitigated those psychoses and neuroses that have a basis in religious fear."

Communism is subtly inculcated, trial marriage is promoted, religion is mocked and jeered and viciously attacked. "The present taboos, conventions, and customs with respect to sex and marriage," says a passage, "are the products of religious bigotry and fanatical conceit."

Instances contributed to the Double-Anti Contest and supporting evidence indicate that the situation described in the above report is by no means confined to one school; that the anti-religious process is in operation in numerous schools, colleges and universities up and down the land. The boys and girls in the educational institutions are being shown a distorted, truncated picture of reality. Like the regimented masses in Germany and Italy, the whole story is not allowed to seep through to them. Nothing even remotely approaching an adequate and veracious presentation of the case for religion is permitted to get near their young minds. This process of high-lighting the anti-religious side and blacking out the religious side is known as academic freedom.

The next prize in the Double-Anti goes to a Catholic pastor, who, when he discovered anti-religious propaganda under way in a public school, discussed the matter from the pulpit, organized a parents-taxpayers committee, and called on the principal of the school. Following the negotiations, the principal assured the committee that the offensive activities would cease. Because of this assurance, the pastor has asked omission of identifying names.

The case involves a teacher who was indoctrinating sixth-grade pupils, children of eleven and twelve years of age, with such propositions as the following: "God did not take the form of a man . . . God is a spirit: Jesus was a human being . . . God did not walk on earth . . . Jesus did not know, when He was young, that He was God. He got that idea later in life. . . . What proof have we that there is a God? Our faith makes us believe in God's existence, but aside from your faith, what proof can we give that there is a God? (It was believed that the purpose here was to create doubt in the children's minds, since no effort was made to tell them that there were proofs). . . . Future generations may think our religion only a myth, just as those who came after the idols thought about the pagan idols. . . . In a thousand years or so, the Catholic Church will be a myth. . . . Jesus is not a sacred name. . . . If you look your bodies over carefully enough, you will find a stub where tails once were. . . . Our ancestors swung by their tails from the boughs of the trees."

Characterizing this assault on the beliefs of little children as a "poisoning of the wells," the pastor pointed out to the school principal that under the Constitution it is the parents, and not the teachers, who have the exclusive right to train their children in religious beliefs. The case makes one wonder. Are there, perhaps, hundreds, even thousands, of other teachers throughout the nation slyly pursuing a similar course, subtly stuffing the impressionable minds of defenseless children with anti-religious propaganda?

The next prize goes to the Rev. Paul L. Carroll, S.J., Ph.D., Professor of Biology at Creighton Uni-

versity, Omaha, Nebraska, who submits a twenty-seven-page analysis of fifty-one textbooks used in college biology courses. Father Carroll gives copious quotations from many of the textbooks, quotations which are, he avers, "misleading, amoral, un-historical and contrary to sound philosophy and Christian principles," and which demonstrate what a dangerous anti-religious influence is generated by many class books in this field.

Some of the volumes, contemptuous of historic facts, release ugly sneers at Christianity when dealing with the development of biology during the Middle Ages, which they still dub the Dark Ages. "When treating of origins," says Father Carroll, "many books stress the materialistic viewpoint to the detriment of truth. The great majority of the books give either false or inaccurate accounts of the following fundamental principles: 1) There is a personal, uncreated and unevolved God. 2) There is an objective universe created out of nothing by Him. 3) There is a human soul created directly by Him. 4) There is a human body formed in a special way by Him. 5) There is a single pair of progenitors of the human race. 6) It is not the function of biology alone to furnish adequate explanation of ultimate causes; reason and revelation must come to her aid."

Referring to the spiritual poison running through many of the textbooks, Father Carroll develops the point that, in the hands of irreligious professors, this poison will take on added deadliness.

A succeeding article, discussing the next two prize-winners and those capturing honorable mention, will bring the Double-Anti Contest to a close.

THE ODESSA PORTRAIT

WILLIAM A. MAGUIRE, Ch.C. U.S.N.

IT took six years and a set of orders to the China Station to win for my miniature a proper place in my mind. It had already won my heart. Not that I had ever hesitated to recognize its importance; nor had time dimmed the tragic scene wherein I first obtained it; but it seemed strange that I should learn so much about it, by mere chance, at Barcelona. My orders required that I be detached at Naples and that I should proceed from Marseille via the Suez Canal to Shanghai in the *S.S. d'Artagnan* of the French Mail.

The Midshipmen Squadron of three battleships in which I was then serving had arrived at Barcelona on the Summer cruise to the Mediterranean. Sightseeing parties for the embryo officers had become the order of the day. An agent from one of the tourist bureaus came aboard one rainy afternoon, and I had the mess boy serve us tea in my room. The man interested me.

He was a formidable looking fellow, tall and broad of shoulder. His blond hair was cropped like

a brush, and his blue eyes gave light to a large, expressive face that was unmistakably Russian. On the breast of his blue blouse lay two rows of ribbons, each ribbon representing the national colors of a country whose language this man could speak. He told me that he was an exile from Russia, that he had fought for the Czar in the first World War, and now, in addition to his duties as a tour-agent, he wrote as an art critic for a magazine published in Latvia.

"Could you tell me something of Brunellov?" I asked.

"Brunellov," he replied, "was a Court painter, well known in Russia about seventy-five years ago."

"And tell me, please, who was Kukelnik?" My interest in Russian art seemed to amaze him.

"Kukelnik," he smiled, "was a favorite novelist at the Imperial Court and a contemporary and bosom friend of Brunellov."

By this time I could barely control my enthusiasm. I continued. "How would you like to see a portrait in water color of Kukelnik by his friend Brunellov?"

The Russian laid his cup on the desk and stared at me in amazement.

I reached into an upper drawer of the steel desk and drew out a leather bound diary with a clasp on it in which I had protected the miniature for those six years. From its original wrapping of cheap, rough paper, I extracted the picture and handed it to him. He held the precious antique gently as one might a holy picture. He noted the date, 1840.

"You have here, my friend, a museum piece. Where in the world did you find it?"

I then gave the Russian its history. I conveyed him in fancy, from this alien land far across the Mediterranean and through the Dardanelles; over the Sea of Marmora to the mosques of the Golden Horn; then through the leafy Bosphorus, and on across the Black Sea. I told him of a day when our destroyer sailed from Constantinople to Odessa. It was early in 1923 that our destroyer landed at Odessa at a time when the Bolsheviks were terrorizing the elite of that once great city of the Ukraine. Our ship was not particularly welcome. They represented our guns and torpedo tubes; but the American Relief Administration needed our assistance; we were tolerated.

Grass grew among the cobbles of the main boulevards. All the wood-work had been torn from the windows and the rooms of the handsome residences. The winter had brought misery and death to the bourgeoisie, for the "workers" had been in need of fuel.

I had been assigned the task of studying the religious situation there. The American High Commissioner at Constantinople desired an investigation of the so-called "Living Church" which attracted attention at the time. An interpreter met me on the quay one Sunday morning, and we started in quest for facts about sealed churches, open churches, the why and the wherefore, and all the rest that goes with that sort of a report on "conditions." But that is another story. After a

full morning of fact-finding the interpreter suggested that I meet some of his friends. . . . I should find them interesting but desperately unhappy.

We entered the massive, stone entrance of an apartment building and climbed three flights of dingy stairway. I sensed the uncomfortable certainty of being followed, and turned and looked down over the banister. I was right. There below were two evil-looking officials in visored caps and leather boots. My companion held me by the arm. "We're being followed . . . they've been following us all morning. But don't let it worry you. They wonder what I'm up to. Tomorrow it may be my turn in the courtyard." He had told me about the Cheka and the daily executions in Odessa.

We stopped at an ugly oaken door at the head of the stairs, and the interpreter tapped what seemed to be a code message. The door was opened by a bearded old man who greeted the interpreter affectionately. He led us into a large, high ceilinged room whose every wall was covered from top to bottom with beautiful paintings. More men, about eight in all, appeared from an adjoining room; all artists, it was apparent. They were pale, emaciated and obviously despondent. But they seemed to be pleased to see me; their eyes brightened as though new hope had climbed the stairs with us. The old man stood to one side and permitted the younger artists to take charge. Occasionally, one pointed to the smaller pictures on the wall, and then they would discuss some mysterious possibility. All would then pause and stare at me appealingly, like hungry children begging food. At last the interpreter turned to me and said, "These fellows are desperate. . . . They need money to escape with. They want you to take a valuable picture with you and sell it for them when they give the word."

Such a procedure would have placed me in a position of no little embarrassment. Carrying a canvas under my arm, in uniform, through the streets of Odessa, under the eyes of suspicious secret agents, did not square with my idea of propriety. It might cause unpleasantness at the quay, if not serious complications, as well, in the artists' apartment.

It was not easy to tell them this for they were sensitive men, unhappy lovers of beauty and of peaceful living. They represented to me the best that was left of Russia, and they were desperately clinging to a modicum of hope. When the old man of the white beard fell to his knees and wept, I gave in. Nor am I sorry that I relented. With money from the sale of a picture, they might possibly escape across the Rumanian frontier, perhaps through bribery.

Did they have, I inquired, a very small picture, one of sufficient value, that I might conceal beneath my blouse? In astonishment they conferred, and finally brought forth the little portrait painted and inscribed in 1840 by Brunellov.

For many years I have waited—I am still waiting—for word from Odessa. The portrait is framed now, and it is "standing by" in a distinguished place on the friendly bulkhead of my room in a heavy cruiser.

CHRONICLE

WASHINGTON. Eighty additional United States Army attack bombers were released over the indirect "trade-in" plan for the Allies, also ninety-three planes sent to Maine for shipment to Europe via Canada, and fifty dive bombers routed through Buffalo. Other surplus United States Government military equipment turned over to the Allies included 600,000 Enfield rifles, 800 75's, large stocks of machine guns, mortars, shells and other munitions. . . . Declaring that "every move is being made to lead us down the road to war," Senator Wheeler stated he would bolt the Democratic Party, "if it is going to be a war party." He urged Congress to get away from the war hysteria "emanating from New York and the great metropolitan papers," singling out the *New York Times* and the *New York Herald Tribune* as special examples. Declaring that the very newspapers which "the President said were controlled by the banks and the interests which were trying to destroy this country are now praising the President's foreign policy to the skies," Senator Holt demanded an investigation of the newspapers which want "American boys to fight overseas." . . . Asserting the nation is taking the identical steps that led to war in 1917, Senator Nye denounced President Roosevelt's "trade-in" program as a "subterfuge." . . . The Navy Department contracted for two new 45,000-ton battleships, twenty other warships, one hour after President Roosevelt signed the Naval Appropriation Bill.

CONGRESS. The \$1,500,000,000 Navy Appropriation Bill received final approval, was signed by the President. . . . Declaring that President Roosevelt's attention had been called to the matter seven months ago without any action having since been taken, Congressman Van Zandt requested the removal from Administration posts of 563 persons listed by the Dies Committees as members of the former League for Peace and Democracy, a Communist-front organization. . . . By a poll of 258 to 129, the House voted drastic amendments to the National Labor Relations Act. The measure, if passed by the Senate, will set up a new three-man board, separate the judicial and prosecution functions carried on simultaneously by the present board, by creation of an administrator who will supervise investigations and prosecutions but have nothing to do with the judicial phase. Other amendments approved by the Smith Committee which investigated the Labor Board also passed. . . . President Roosevelt's latest "trade-in" program under which he sells surplus airplanes, ammunition and guns belonging to the Army and Navy to manufacturers, who re-ship them to the Allies, was praised by some Senators and Representatives, denounced by others as leading the country "to the brink of

war." . . . "The plan is tantamount to the creation of a *casus belli*," declared Senator La Follette. . . . By a vote of 396 to 6, the House passed, sent to the Senate, President Roosevelt's Emergency Revenue Bill, raising the national debt limit from \$45,000,000,000 to \$49,000,000,000 and levying additional taxes of \$1,004,000,000 to finance the defense program . . . 2,000,000 new income taxpayers are created by the measure. . . . Approved also by the House and forwarded to the Senate was a supplemental defense appropriation of \$1,700,000,000 asked for by President Roosevelt in his second defense message. The measure provides 3,000 additional airplanes for the army, finances 95,000 additional men, also adds funds for the Navy. It was passed, 401 to 1, Representative Marcantonio of New York alone dissenting. . . . The Senate, 80 to 0, approved the Army Expansion Bill, including the Sheppard Amendment, passed by a vote of 67 to 18, which amendment would authorize the "trade-in" procedure by which United States Army and Navy military equipment is dispatched to the Allies. . . . The Army Expansion Bill would permit the Government to build munitions or other plants, and remove all limitation during 1941 on the number of airplanes and pilots for the Army. The amendment covering the "trade-in" procedure was requested by President Roosevelt. . . . The House completed Congressional action on the Naval Expansion Bill increasing naval tonnage by eleven per cent. The Senate gave final approval to the \$1,800,000,000 Army Appropriation Bill.

THE ADMINISTRATION. In a graduation address at the University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va., delivered a few hours after Premier Mussolini had declared war on Britain and France, President Roosevelt said: ". . . we are convinced that military and naval victory for the gods of force and hate would endanger the institutions of democracy in the Western World—and that equally, therefore, the whole of our sympathies lie with those nations that are giving their life blood in combat against those forces." Declaring the United States Government and people experienced disquiet over the Italian decision, the President disclosed that "recognizing certain aspirations of Italy might form the basis of discussions between the powers most specifically concerned, I offered, in a message addressed to the chief of the Italian Government, to send to the Governments of France and Great Britain such specific indications of the desires of Italy to obtain readjustments as the chief of the Italian Government might desire to transmit through me." Mr. Roosevelt continued he had, while making it clear the United States would not assume responsibility for the nature of the pro-

posals submitted or guarantee any agreements reached, "proposed that if Italy would refrain from entering the war I would be willing to ask assurances from the other powers concerned that they would faithfully execute any agreement so reached, and that Italy's voice in any future peace conference" would be the same as if Italy had become a belligerent. The "chief of the Italian Government was unwilling to accept the procedure suggested, and he made no counter-proposal," the President added. The Government of Italy, Mr. Roosevelt went on, "has now chosen . . . to fulfil what it states are its promises to Germany. . . . On this 10th day of June, 1940, the hand that held the dagger has struck it into the back of its neighbor . . . we will extend to the opponents of force the material resources of this nation. . . ." . . . The reference to the "dagger" thrust was a departure from the President's prepared text. . . . From England and France, United States Ambassadors Kennedy and Bullitt repeatedly called Mr. Roosevelt urging that assistance to the Allies be speeded. . . . Estimates placed deliveries of American-made planes to the Allies at 2,500. . . . The State Department, under the Neutrality Law, extended the "combat zone," closing the Mediterranean to American shipping. . . . President Roosevelt endorsed a "Stop Hitler Now" advertisement. . . . Asked at his press conference whether the policy of the United States had become one of non-belligerency rather than one of neutrality, the President laughed.

AT HOME. Decreeing that military service was "employment," New Jersey State Relief Director Arthur Mudd ordered that relief be refused to single men eligible for military enlistment. . . . Jehovah's Witnesses, who refuse to salute the flag, were menaced by crowds in Oklahoma, Arkansas and Maine. In Maine six members of the sect were charged with shooting and wounding two men in Kennebunk.

ITALY. On the afternoon of June 10, Italy declared war on Great Britain and France, the declaration taking effect one minute past midnight, June 10-11. . . . On June 10, at six o'clock in the evening, Premier Mussolini stood on the balcony at the Palazzo Venezia, addressed a huge throng below, and over the air waves, other throngs standing in Italian villages, towns and cities throughout the land. . . . "The hour destined by fate is sounding for us," the Premier said. "The hour of irrevocable decision has come. A declaration of war already has been handed to the Ambassadors of Great Britain and France. . . . We take the field against the plutocratic and reactionary democracies who always have blocked the march and frequently plotted against the existence of the Italian people. . . . Our conscience is absolutely clear. . . . With you, the entire world is witness that the Italy of fascism has done everything humanly possible to avoid the tempest. . . . It would have sufficed to

revise treaties . . . not to begin the stupid policy of guarantees . . . not to reject the proposal the Fuehrer made last October 6 after the campaign in Poland ended. Now all that belongs to the past. . . . We want to break the territorial and military chains that confine us in our sea, because a country of 45,000,000 souls is not truly free if it has not free access to the ocean. . . . I solemnly declare that Italy does not intend to drag other peoples bordering her by sea or land into the conflict. Switzerland, Yugoslavia, Greece, Turkey and Egypt, take note of these words of mine. . . . Italians, in a memorable mass meeting in Berlin, I said that according to the rules of Fascist morals, when one has a friend one marches with him to the end. This we have done and will continue to do with Germany. . . . We turn our thoughts to His Majesty, the King and Emperor. . . . Lastly, we salute the new Fuehrer, the chief of great allied Germany. . . ."

WAR. In the Battle of France, waged ceaselessly day and night on a front from the sea to beyond Montmédy, the German right and center wings pushed steadily southward. . . . The French Government moved to Tours. . . . The Nazi right wing in the West tore along the Channel, moved past Forges-les-Eaux, Mondidier, took Rouen, crossed the Seine at Louviers and Vernon, until its line wound across Western France from below St. Valery-en-Caux on the coast to beyond Beaumont, cutting off Paris from Havre. . . . The German center, hurling huge masses of men and metals in the fray, crept ceaselessly forward, fought its way downward from Amiens and Peronne, crossed the Aisne on both sides of Soissons, and also further east near Vouziers. Near Chateau-Thierry, Nazi columns crossed the Marne, to the east captured Reims, pushed on to Chalons. . . . With its right and center wings flanking Paris from the west and east, the German war machine appeared at the gates of the French capital. . . . London announced it was sending all available troops to France. . . . French Premier Reynaud sent two urgent appeals to President Roosevelt for help. . . . The war in Norway ended, the Allies withdrawing, the Norwegian troops surrendering. King Haakon moved to England. . . . Off Narvik, Norway, German naval units and planes attacked and sank five British vessels, including a transport, two destroyers and the 22,500-ton aircraft carrier, *Glorious*. . . . A submarine sank the British Cunard liner, *Carinthia*. . . . Italian air raiders bombed British bases at Malta and Aden, Italian troops moved to attack both British and French Somaliland. . . . British fliers strafed Turin, Genoa, and Italian bases in Libya and Eritrea. . . . Egypt severed diplomatic relations with Italy. . . . Generalissimo Franco announced for the third time his determination to keep Spain out of the war. . . . Russia and Japan settled their Manchukuo-Outer Mongolian frontier dispute, as Britain and Japan reached agreement on the Tientsin dissension. . . . Crown Princess Juliana of Holland, with her two children, arrived in Canada.

NO LEFT TURNS!

WE hope that the United States is not going to get into this war. We mean, of course, that the Government will not become more deeply involved in the war than it now is.

As a matter of fact, for some months we have been about as "neutral" as Italy was before June 10. Mussolini had not declared war, but he was a most useful ally of Hitler. He sent no troops to support the Germans, but his stratagems compelled the French to withdraw nearly a million men from the forces opposing Hitler.

The attitude of the United States has not, it is true, made such withdrawals from any German army a matter of practical necessity. Yet we have aided the Allies with every means at our disposal. We sent no army across the seas, nor did we supply the Allies with air craft and trained fighting men, for while our army and air craft might be of some aid in a war against San Marino or Andorra, they would merely clutter up a battle field in Europe. If we had owned any forces worth considering, we probably would have packed them long ago across the sea.

With all this admitted, it may still be contended that the United States is not at war. But unless we wish to be drawn into the very heart of the war, and that within six weeks, we had better go no farther in our efforts to aid the Allies.

That is why we hope that Congress will refuse to adjourn. We can think of only one reason why the President wants Congress to go home, and we hope he is not entertaining that reason. Does the President plan policies which will inevitably drag us into war?

Of course, under the Constitution, Congress alone can declare war, raise and support armies, provide and maintain a navy, and make rules for the government and regulation of the land, air and naval forces. Clothed with these exclusive powers, Congress can also act as a check upon any official, or any group of propagandists, who may wish to involve us in war.

Some of these propagandists are complaining that Congress can impede the President. We hope that it can, for that, as far as the declaration of a state of war is concerned, is exactly what the Constitution supposes that Congress can do and, if necessary, will do.

If the President has his work cut out for him in these trying days, a similar work is cut out for Congress. This Government is not unicellular, but tripartite, inasmuch as it consists essentially of three coordinate departments. If war is on the horizon, it is as necessary that Congress stick to its constitutional functions as it is for the President to devote himself to the work assigned him by the Constitution.

We have been assured that this country can meet any enemy without going over to totalitarianism. If that is true, and we believe that it is, it is bad policy to begin by abolishing, even temporarily, one arm of the Government.

EDITORIAL

READY FOR WHAT?

WHAT war are we getting ready for? An invasion? Then let us continue our preparations, but with an eye on the last war in which we took part. "This country's participation in the last great war did not settle Europe's difficulties," said the Archbishop of Cincinnati recently, "and neither would our participation in this war." It is the Archbishop's opinion that at the present time, "there is no moral justification for this nation's entrance into the European war." Many emotional utterances come to us over the air these days. But the Archbishop sticks to principles.

THE HAND THAT

THE address of the President of the United States at the University of Virginia is remarkable more for what it did not say than for what it said. The President did not call for a declaration of war on Germany and Italy. He merely told us that we must "prepare."

We are all for adequate military and naval preparedness, since with the world aflame with war, we may be nearer war than we think. If the President's remarks were meant to signify nothing more than the fact that adequate preparedness has been shamefully neglected for the last seven years, and that we must begin immediately to repair our deficiencies, they are open to no criticism. Only the most besotted of pacifists would be disposed to deny them. But is that what they mean? Or is it the President's thought that aid to France and England is our first line of defense?

It is trite to remark that the sympathies of the American people are with the Allies. The thought of a Europe dominated by Hitler, they cannot contemplate without horror, for wherever the man has gone not only has liberty, as we Americans understand liberty, been destroyed, but the foundations of civilization have been undermined. As for Mussolini, most Americans probably regard him as a bedraggled creature bound to Hitler's chariot wheel. If Brutus was the noblest Roman of them all, we need another Shakespeare to assign to Mussolini his proper place in the scale of degradation. Whether the Allies win or lose, he has brought misery and suffering to the Italian

FUNDAMENTAL

AS President Hutchins, of Chicago, says, many Americans do not grasp the principles on which the American Government is based. "Mental confusion, contradiction of feeling, indecisiveness, panic—these are our weapons," and with these our political institutions cannot be defended. We have come to this because, as President Hutchins holds, we have forgotten "the moral principles on which democracy is based," and this forgetfulness "has brought us closer to Hitler than we care to admit." We must get back to God and to His law, for without Him there is no freedom.

HELD THE DAGGER

people, and has secured for himself not the glory that attaches to the fighter, mistaken as he may be in his aims, but the ignominy of the gambler who has risked what is not his.

It is also trite, but unfortunately necessary, to repeat that opinions to which the private citizen may give free utterance cannot always be repeated with impunity by a responsible official of the Government. The simple truth is that we are at peace with Italy, and Italy with us. It seems hardly fitting, then, for the President of the United States to say of Italy in a public address that "the hand that held the dagger has struck it into the back of its neighbor." Unless we wish to provoke bad feeling that may lead to war, it is inadvisable for our ranking officials to describe a nation with whose people we are at peace, in terms that characterize only the assassin.

Since the beginning of the war in Europe, the history of the years between 1914 and 1917 is being repeated in this country. If those in charge of our national welfare had wished to bring us into war, they could not have copied more faithfully the moves which drew us into the World War. One after another has been adopted, and on June 10, the President all but committed us to war. We must now "extend to the opponents of force the material resources of this nation," and "signs and signals call for speed—full speed ahead."

But to what are we heading? To an armed alliance with France and England, or to an adequate defense against attack?

NEEDED AMENDMENTS

SEVERAL of the changes in the Wagner Labor Act which the House has approved are particularly desirable. It has long seemed to us that it is not humanly possible for any board to act in a given case as prosecutor and judge. The attempt to combine the functions of court and prosecutor, even when it does not result in gross injustice, satisfies no one. No quarrel can be really settled until it is settled right. When an employer feels that the Board has dealt with him unjustly, because of this combination of functions, labor may gain the immediate issue, but a grievance has been registered which may later nullify the initial victory.

In our judgment, appointment of an administrator to act as investigator and prosecutor, and to confine the Board to the judicial function, will benefit labor as well as the employer. Labor's cause is just. Organized labor has nothing to fear from an impartial court, and everything to lose, ultimately, from a packed or biased court.

Hardly less important are the changes which impose upon the Board the common-law rule, and make its findings subject to review by the Federal Courts of Appeal. The hearings which have been conducted by Congressman Smith have shown almost incredible departures, not merely from technical rules of evidence, but from all evidence, by the Board's examiners. In some instances, it is difficult to escape the conclusion that verdicts were written in advance. If the House amendments are accepted by the Senate, a "preponderance of testimony" will be required to establish a violation of the Wagner Act, and the Board's policy, declaring that the rules of evidence prevailing in the courts shall not control, will be abolished. In other words, the Board will henceforth conduct its hearings, as far as the nature of the case before it will allow, under the rules of evidence in use in the Federal courts. Incidentally, this provision will make necessary the removal of at least one member of the Board, and perhaps of two.

Finally, while coercion of employes by conscienceless employers is an abuse that still lingers, it seems wholly necessary to create a new definition of coercion, or, rather, to return to the correct definition. Congressman Smith states that the Wagner Act has been interpreted by the Board as "a mandate to close the employer's mouth, even to the extent of penalizing him for the most casual remarks concerning union activities." Under the Act employes are free to express their opinion on organizations of employers, and to discuss ways and means of rebuffing employers through labor organizations. That this right should remain unimpaired, is obvious. It is not only a natural right, but a right guaranteed by the Federal Constitution, and by the Constitutions of the several States.

No similar right in the employer is tolerated by the Wagner Act. Mr. Ford violates it when he writes that he wholly disapproves of unions, and even when he remarks that no man need join a union to get and keep a job in his factory. Some

employers have found themselves in serious trouble when, acting in all good faith, they have ventured to advise their employees on matters of organization.

Congressman Smith would amend the Act to provide that expressions of opinion on matters which may be of interest to employees or to the general public, are not forbidden, when they "are not accompanied by acts of coercion, intimidation, discrimination, or threats thereof." It is sometimes difficult to decide whether or not an expression of opinion is equivalent to a threat. But it is even more difficult to understand how a rejection of the Smith amendment can be reconciled with the constitutional guarantees of free speech.

All of us hope and pray for the coming of the time when employers and employees will work together for their common good. That time cannot be brought nearer by legislation which does not square with the dictum of Leo XIII: "Rights must be respected wherever they are found." While what is good in the Wagner Act should be retained, it seems to us that there is more hope in the plan suggested by the Rev. R. A. McGowan at the Inter-faith Conference on Unemployment than in legislation. Dr. McGowan proposes a conference of organized employers, organized employees, organized farmers, and representatives of the public, to be called after the November elections, and charged with the task of working out the form and function of a self-organized and self-governing economic democracy operating within the framework of government.

Dr. McGowan's suggestion is wholly in keeping with the spirit of the Encyclical of Pius XI, and we hope the conference will be called. If it leads even one group to understand that capital and labor have interests in common, it will be worth while. May its work be crowned with success.

GULLIBLES

SOME morning those physicians who are clamoring for a Secretary of Health will wake up to find that they have created Federal control of their profession. Control, it may be supposed, is not what they are eager to establish. But it is what they will get.

Like clergymen and teachers, physicians are a gullible lot, and often they pay dearly for their desire to see good in everybody. We hope we are not in danger of the faggot in suggesting that the law of charity has its limits. It does not require us to attribute good sense and selfless aims to Washington politicians.

Your Washington bureaucrat is constitutionally incapable of guiding or advising. Whatever he touches, he must control. But what led some members of the American Medical Association, in convention last week in New York, to believe that a Federal Secretary of Health can help the profession? The Secretary may or may not be a witch-doctor, a chiropodist, or a specialist in goat glands. But he will certainly be a politician.

KNOWLEDGE AND LOVE

OUT of our knowledge of God, and of Jesus Christ Whom He has sent, springs our salvation. The most fruitful source of our knowledge of Jesus is the New Testament, particularly the Four Gospels, but these sacred documents will be little more than printed pages for us, unless we read, study and meditate upon the truths which they reveal. That is why Saint Ignatius, in the Second Week of the *Spiritual Exercises* directs the exercitant to ask again and again for "an intimate knowledge of Our Lord Who for me was made Man."

An acquaintance with the public acts of Our Lord is not enough. By prayer and study, we must try to learn more and more of the Heart of Him "Who for me was made Man." As we turn the pages of the Gospel, we see Him a Babe in the manger at Bethlehem, a little boy in the Holy House at Nazareth, a young man, grave and loving, toiling in the carpenter shop, after the death of Joseph, caring for His and our Blessed Mother. The years speed by, and we listen to the great Preacher Who spoke as no man ever spoke. But He is more than a preacher, for He is likewise the consoler of His people, sympathizing with them in all their trials. He weeps at the tomb of His friend, Lazarus, He heals the sick, brings comfort to the discouraged, forgives sinners, and cares for His people even in their temporal distress. At last we follow Him to Calvary, and there we see this Man, Whose Heart went out to all in affliction, dying for us sinners, upon the Cross.

We ask ourselves why Our Lord did these things and suffered these things, and always we find the same answer. It is an answer so marvelously sweet that we can hardly believe it to be true, yet so consoling that our hearts as well as our minds tell us it must be true. And the answer is that Christ Jesus, "Who for me was made Man," like unto me in all things, sin only excepted, loves me with an infinite love. When we realize that truth we are beginning to have "an intimate knowledge of our Lord."

But we must not stop here, consoling as this realization is. His great love for us should awaken love in our hearts for Him, and if we love Him we will keep His Commandments. Thus the sacred cycle comes full turn: as Our Lord loves us, and proves His love by His deeds, so our lives must prove our love for Him.

In the Gospel for tomorrow (Saint Mark, viii, 1-9), Our Lord works a miracle, and it is evidence of His Divinity. But the immediate purpose of that miracle was to feed a hungry crowd of four thousand people. "I have compassion on the multitude," He said, and at His voice a few little fishes and seven loaves fed the people and filled seven baskets.

The Heart of Our Lord has not changed. It is still infinitely loving and compassionate. He knows all our trials, and His Heart sympathizes with us. Happy shall we be if in contemplating this loving Heart, our own hearts flame with a love for Him that will always lead us to find our haven of strength and consolation in His Heart.

CORRESPONDENCE

PIOUS HOPE

EDITOR: Walter C. Frame's *Plain Talk to You Catholics* says what thousands think. Will it bear any effect? No; it will, at the most, meet with a sneer of contempt.

The writer of this has been a priest long enough to be called "the old man." He has had many assistants. He has made every reasonable effort to persuade them to recite the parts of the Mass which the law prescribes so that the congregation can hear them. He has met with complete failure. In some cases he has been told: "I guess I know how to say Mass."

Some say Mass almost silently—in a tone so low that people in the front pews cannot hear them. Others rattle the prayers off so indistinctly that no one can understand what they say. Even the *Ecce Agnus Dei* at the Communion is mere gabble.

May we not hope that superiors of seminaries will read Mr. Frame's article and insist on the observance of the prescriptions of the Church?

Address Withheld

SENEX

EDITOR: I wonder if anybody could read the well meant *A Plain Talk To You Catholics* by W. C. Frame (AMERICA, June 1) without a feeling of mild amusement. It would seem hardly possible to condense such an amount of unbelievable naiveté in such a comparatively small space.

What the writer says about that Catholic Baptism is indeed a perfect example! Did it ever occur to him that those good Protestants intending to witness a Catholic Baptism could have made themselves perfectly familiar with its ceremonies by looking it up previously in a catechism or by investing a nickel at the nearest bookrack for a leaflet explaining the ceremonies of the Church? I could really sympathize with the poor priest who is expected to administer the Sacrament of Baptism and to conduct a catechism class at the same time.

Of course, the one that carries the prize is about Catholics attending Mass. "These people knelt, crossed themselves without the foggiest notion concerning the reason for their acts." I challenge Mr. Frame to produce a living Catholic who fits in this description. If a person kneels down at the Elevation or Communion without being able to give the reason for his act, there can be only one explanation: that he is not a Catholic at all. It is entirely impossible to be a Catholic and be ignorant

(The views here expressed are those of the readers. They may or may not agree with the views of the Editor. They should not be understood as a statement of editorial belief or policy, but as affirmations by readers of AMERICA.

Communications should be limited to 300 words. The briefer they are, however, the more appreciated they will be.)

of the chief Mystery of our religion, the center of our whole liturgy.

New York, N. Y.

T. S. MILLER

RETORT

EDITOR: After reading the letter of Anne M. Coveney (AMERICA, June 1), may I state for her information that if you are Irish and proud of it and can't laugh off insult, ridicule and calumny, you lack a sense of humor, to say nothing about being thick. My authority are the letters of Elizabeth Creighton and Maggie O'Connell (April 27).

Niagara University, N. Y. C. R. DELMAGE

HEARING-AID

EDITOR: It may be of interest to the hard-of-hearing who have both read and experienced the embarrassing answer to the question of Christ, *Hearest Thou Me?* (AMERICA, June 1), to know that they can enjoy the benefits of a hearing-aid confessional at the Capuchin-Franciscan Church of St. John the Baptist on Thirtieth Street. The device was installed some months ago and has proved a spiritual boon to many a devout Catholic handicapped by a condition of semi-deafness.

New York, N. Y.

ARTHUR CAVANAUGH, O.F.M. CAP.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

EDITOR: Since AMERICA has reviewed so beautifully my last book, *Cathedral in the Sun*, I would like to ask you if you will please allow me space to explain a point which has been brought to my attention by the Rev. Labert F. Dantanville, of Ontario, Calif., and which has been mentioned by several other people who were confused.

In the book I mentioned that the Indian girl, Loreta, who was born near the San Carlos de Borromeo Mission at Carmel, took vows as a working Indian Sister of San Carlos de Borromeo in 1825, and yet later in the story she married.

This being a Sister of San Carlos had nothing to do with any Order of nuns or Sisters and did not require celibacy. The Indian women promised always to remember the Patron Saint of the mission, and to be good and serve well all people connected with the mission San Carlos de Borromeo. This was done at the time they made their first Communion. The old Spanish padres did this in order to make the Indians feel more a part of the mission, and more responsible and faithful toward their new religion. Really, it was a hold on them through kindness, instead of through slavery.

I am having a footnote added to that chapter in the book in all later editions so that the matter will be more fully explained.

Pacific Grove, Calif.

ANNE B. FISHER

LITERATURE AND ARTS

AUGUSTUS WELBY PUGIN, ARCHITECT

JOHN G. ROWE

WHEN we decided to spend our summer holidays at Ramsgate, the well known watering-place on the east coast of Kent, England, I was agreeably surprised to learn that it was where Pugin, the great English Catholic architect of the last century, ended his days and built a church, as well as a house of his own. The church is now St. Augustine's (Benedictine) Abbey Church, and his old home, which adjoins it and is called "The Grange," is a nunnery—the convent, at present, of the Sisters of the Holy Child.

Augustus Northmore Welby Pugin designed and built sixty-four Catholic churches and other edifices in Great Britain and Eire. They include St. George's Catholic Cathedral, Southwark, London; St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, Eire (the famous seminary for the Irish priesthood); the Catholic Cathedrals of Killarney and Enniscorthy, Eire; the Cistercian Abbey of St. Bernard, in Leicestershire, England; the Catholic churches at Derby and Nottingham, England; St. Oswald's in Liverpool; St. Wilfrid's, Hulme, near Manchester; St. Mary's-on-the-Sands, Southport; St. Alban's, Macclesfield; St. Giles', Cheadle; as well as the Catholic Church at Wexford, Eire, and the Chapel of the Benedictine Monastery at Douai, France. He also designed the Church of the Sacred Heart at Kilburn, London, and the High Altar at Farm-Street Jesuit Church, London; and he built Adare Hall in Eire for Lord Dunraven. Furthermore, he took a much-disputed part, with the Royal Academician, Sir Charles Barry, in the erection of the new British Houses of Parliament, London; besides writing several books on architecture.

One of his sons, Edward Welby Pugin, also attained architectural celebrity at home and abroad, designing among other churches that of Sts. Peter and Paul in Cork, Eire.

The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* states that the magnificent Cathedral of Killarney and the Chapel of the Benedictines at Douai, France, are "perhaps the ecclesiastic buildings which were carried out with least deviation from Pugin's original conception," the expense too often interfering. But he himself always affirmed that the church he built for himself at Ramsgate—now, as I have said, St. Augustine's Benedictine Abbey Church—was the only one which he ever executed with unalloyed

satisfaction, and that "he never had the chance of producing a single fine ecclesiastical building except it, where he was both paymaster and architect."

It stands on the West Cliff, at the western extremity of St. Augustine's Road; and "The Grange," his old home next door, abuts upon the corner of the passage leading to the Prince Edward Promenade and the Undercliff Drive, both of which are on the sea front.

Born in 1811, the son of a French Huguenot architect who settled in London, wrote some textbooks on architecture and ran a small private school for architects, Pugin was at the height of his fame and had been a Catholic eight years when, in 1841, he went to live at Ramsgate so as to be near his aunt, Miss Seelina Welby. He had just completed his work on the Houses of Parliament, London. His aunt subsequently made him her heir, and it was then, in 1847, that he began to build his church and home, side by side, at Ramsgate. Appropriately, he dedicated the church to Saint Augustine, the Apostle of England, who landed in the district—known still as the Isle of Thanet—in 596. Thanet is an island in name only today, the estuaries of the Greater and Little Stour Rivers, which formerly insulated it from the rest of the county of Kent, being much reduced.

Pugin, when a mere boy, had helped in the little architectural school his father kept. He died at The Grange, Ramsgate, on September 14, 1852, the year after he opened his church for public worship and after he had been appointed Commissioner of Works for the Great British Exhibition of 1851, where the Medieval Court was associated in all minds with his name. He had just reached forty years of age, and according to Bannister Fletcher's *History of Architecture*, "he had not yet arrived at the meridian of his powers." The church was unfinished, and it is somewhat incomplete to this hour. It cost him over £15,000, and is his tomb and memorial, for he was buried in the vault of the south transept.

St. Augustine's Benedictine Monastery faces the church, across the road. It was designed by his eldest son by his second wife, the Edward Welby Pugin already referred to, who was born in 1834 and died in 1875. Another son, Peter Paul Pugin,

planned the extensions of the monastery of 1892. A small house, known as St. Edward's, is sandwiched in between the church and The Grange, and served originally as the Presbytery. A retired abbot now lives there, or did until recently.

Pugin only intended St. Augustine's Church to be a model one for a small town: he never dreamt that it would become an Abbey Church. Consequently, it has not an elaborate front, but just a small Gothic porch flanked by a most unpretentious blank wall, with an arched roof and a square but narrow tower. The tower is rather handsomely decorated, but very incongruously roofed by a zinc pyramid. This is on the north side, bordering St. Augustine's Road.

On the south side, partly hidden by "St. Edward's" and The Grange, is a massive square tower of dark gray stone, lacking battlements or spire and having an open top, which can be seen through the two unglazed lancet windows in each wall.

The Grange, too, looks a higgledy-piggledy, commonplace group of buildings—something like a farm—from the road outside. It has a gateway flanked by two brick pillars, each surmounted by a stone lion rearing on the haunches and holding a shield in the fore paws. Each shield bears a different heraldic device, and underneath, on each post, is the motto "*En avant.*"

Entering the church porch, a long narrow gallery leads to the nave. Off this gallery runs at right angles the north cloister, following the outer blank wall and terminating in a low gate, marked "Private," at the junction with the east cloister. Behind this little gate is a most beautiful Sacred Heart altar, designed by Peter Paul Pugin, who was the youngest son, and erected to the memory of Abbot Wilfrid Alcock, the first Benedictine to arrive in Kent after the Reformation.

Along the north or left-hand wall of this north cloister are arranged very handsome Stations of the Cross, the human figures being nearly three feet in height, in *alto relief* and depicted in brightly colored medieval-Flemish dress—not Jewish or Roman of the time of Our Lord. They are the work of an artist named De Beule, of Ghent. Below them in several rows are brass tablets, each inscribed in Latin to the memory of a deceased Brother of the Abbey. On the opposite side of the cloister is a charming little side chapel, as well as the usual grating and windows looking into a small cemetery—the private one of the monks.

Returning to the long entrance-gallery of the church, a small chapel on the left-hand side contains a life-size *pieta*, or representation in sculpture of Our Lady holding the dead Christ in her arms. Then just in front of the door of the nave, set in the floor, is a life-size effigy engraved upon a brass plate of the Rev. Alfred Luck, Oblate, O.S.B., the Founder of the Monastery, who died in 1864.

Pugin always contended that Gothic or Pointed Architecture was the only fitting style for a Christian church, and he was the chief agent in its revival. The nave and sanctuary of his church are both rather small, but so fine as to be most imposing. The only objection I found was the massive

central pillar, fully seven or eight feet thick, which prevented my seeing anything of the high altar during Mass. A truly grand piece of sculpture is the high altar. Beside it, on the north side, is the Abbot's Throne.

The Lady Chapel adjoins on the right hand or south side, separated from the sanctuary by a ten-foot-high open screen of carved dark brown wood-work. A similar screen separates the sanctuary from the nave. There is no clearstory, but all the windows are of handsome stained glass.

In the south transept, to the right of the Lady Chapel, is the singularly beautiful chantry containing Pugin's tomb, which is covered by a noble mausoleum. A life-size effigy of him in yellowish white stone repose at full length upon the mausoleum, with the head resting on a tasseled stone cushion and the feet against two stone sea-gulls, set tail to tail. The effigy, which has the long straight hair curving slightly behind the ears just as Pugin wore his, is represented in a monastic robe covering it to the ankles, and on the breast is a crucifix. Around the mausoleum, in the tessellated pavement, are the words "Pray for the soul of Augustus Welby Pugin, the Founder of this Church."

Upon all the other small colored tiles of the floor of the chantry is alternately the monogram "A. W. P.," arranged like a trefoil, and a yellow "bend" (or diagonal band) containing a sea-gull on a rod or *gules* shield. At the foot of the mausoleum is an altar and a large picture of Our Lady holding the dead Christ. Upon the west wall, behind the head of the mausoleum, are tablets to the memories of Peter Paul Pugin and other members of the Pugin family who died at Ramsgate.

The baptismal font stands in the west corner of the south transept, and has an exceedingly lofty carved wooden cover. Font-covers were often highly ornamented in older times, and this one, which may be fully ten feet tall, is shaped like a spire and very richly decorated with tabernacle work, in the form of buttresses, pinnacles, etc.

An arched door between the font and Pugin's chantry, in the south wall, leads out into a pretty little enclosed cemetery. The third grave on the left-hand side of the path is that of Sir Francis Cowley Burnand, the Catholic editor for twenty-five years of *Punch*, the great British humorous journal, who died in 1917. And in the center of the cemetery is a tall cross, bearing an inscription stating that near it repose the remains of the Rev. Thomas Costigan, who for thirty-nine years, viz., from 1821 to 1860, was practically the sole Catholic priest in all East Kent. He was born at Kilkenny, Eire, in 1788, and died at Margate, near Ramsgate, in 1860.

Pugin led a pious, ascetic life at Ramsgate, hearing Mass daily and regulating all his hours. Most charitable and benevolent, he took great interest in the fishermen, establishing the first seamen's hospital in the town and engaging in various other works for their welfare. It is said that he used to go about the town dressed in the common garb of a pilot.

AN IRISH WHEAT FIELD

Tread softly, O man, past an acre of wheat,
With awe in your heart and your face.
Walk humbly, O man, and with reverent feet,
For strength slumbers here—Can't you feel its heart-beat?
And beauty's own couch is an acre of wheat,
And holiness dwells in this place.

Breathe gently, O breeze, in the grain-heavy ears
That drank long and deep of spring rain.
O breeze, ripple gently the yellow-tipped spears.
Our little ones, caught in the rush of the years,
Find growth for their limbs in the wheat's golden ears,
All mother-ripe now with smooth grain.

Sing sweetly, O birds, as you skim the rich field.
And sprinkle your hyssop of song.
For here in each silken-caped kernel is sealed
The secret of living. The liberal yield
Will strengthen and quicken, O birds of the field,
And comfort the earth's hungry throng.

Shine kindly, O sun. Keep it warmly alive.
On this field lay a tender caress,
For here is the reason men struggle and strive
And strain, sweat and anguish, and battle and drive.
And life's spent for wheat just to keep men alive....
O sun, let your rays kindly bless!

Tread softly, O man, past an acre of wheat....
O birds, mute your silver-splashed mirth....
O breeze hold your breathing. O sun, shed your heat....
For here is the food that God gave us to eat.
The body of Christ comes from sanctified wheat!
Thrice-blessed be this fruit of the earth.

MAURA LAVERTY

SANDRA GRADUATES

"Fortified for life's intense
Bitter-blithe magnificence"
Booms Monsignor to a row
Flower-like in gowns of snow.

Conversant with life's intense
Bitter-blithe magnificence
Sandra's Sister in the wings
Breathes: "What thoughts Commencement brings!"

Skeptical of life's intense
Bitter-blithe magnificence
Sandra's Father in his seat
Thinks: "How young she looks, and sweet...."

Groomed to cope with life's intense
Bitter-blithe magnificence
Sandra's Mother, anxious now
Sighs: "Will she forget to bow?"

Unimpressed by life's intense
Bitter-blithe magnificence
Sister's Sandra on the stage
Yawns: "That man has talked an age!"

SISTER MARY IGNATIUS

MY SISTER SLEEPS

Leave your musing and kneel instead;
The hour is late for praise or flout—
You learn no more of her now she's dead
Than all surmising could winnow out.
This changeless smiling attests the rout
Of sin forgotten and sterile woe.
"Her heart was an unskied bird." No doubt.
Never say that she told you so.

Tell what honey those good lips fed
Whose merest smiling outlives your shout;
Indict the vision whose gaze misled
Impassioned eyes to a look devout;
Cry up the wisdom she died without:
That wheat must sicken where lilies grow—
"She gave life's harvest to waste and drought."
Never say that she told you so.

This she attained to, when all is said:
Stainless candor and valor stout,
Patience that died uncomfited
With love that seraphim sing about.
Satiric lancet, derisive knout
Left her scatheless of thrust or blow.
If she won her fight on the last redoubt,
Never say that she told you so.

What stars engarland that weary head,
Sirs, believe me, you could not know.
Her way was darkness, her ending dread?
Never say that she told you so.

SISTER MARY JEREMY

BERNARD'S PRAISE OF MARY

(Dante, *Paradiso*: 33.1-21)
Virgin yet mother, daughter of thine own Son,
Humble and exalted more than any one,
Focal-point predestined of the eternal plan,

Thou didst human nature exalt to such a plane
That its very Maker did not disdain
To make Himself its making, God becoming Man.

In thy womb rekindled that subsistent Love
By whose warmth has blossomed here in peace above
All flow of time this flower, Mystic Rose of Saints.

Here thou art for us, as when with mid-day glow
The sun flames, torch of love; but for men below,
A leaping font of hope where mortal courage faints.

Lady, thou art so great, so puissant thy plea,
That whoso seeketh grace but goeth not to thee,
His longing is in vain—to fly in want of wings!

Thy loving-kindness not only doth relief afford
To him who asks, but oft, stirred of its own accord,
Before a prayer is breathed already succor brings.

In thee is mercifulness, in thee maternal care,
In thee munificence, in thee all goodness e'er
Found (not thus united!) in created things.

RAYMOND V. SCHODER

BOOKS

NEW GLIMPSES OF THOMAS HARDY

HARDY OF WESSEX. By Carl J. Weber. Columbia University Press. \$3

IN this handsome book, Professor Weber has given us an admirable array of the facts in the life and literary career of the late Thomas Hardy. There is careful analysis of the origins of the novels, and of the poems also; an examination of Hardy's methods in preparing his books; a series of valuable and painstaking appendices which contain bibliographical material and tables of Hardy's literary debts to a long list of English authors, notably to Shakespeare.

Much of the material is new. The book is filled with interesting side-lights and conjectures incident to the main line of the author's research. It is a final proof of Professor Weber's good taste and competence that he is content to treat Hardy's unhappy marital experience without any cheap recourse to grisly thoroughness. The book is reminiscent, oddly enough, of the *Autobiography of Anthony Trollope* in its literalness and tone.

It is most unfortunate that men, competent in research, as is Professor Weber, are not emulous of a clear and direct style, a style that lives with a life of its own. Too often, the slipshod and unfit scholar can hide his deficiencies behind a flashy brilliance of phrase, but this is no excuse for the seasoned scholar to write in the jargon that passes for a "literary" style in academic circles, a thing reeking of the thesis seminar, the indirect and hesitating statement, the genteel phrase.

The general note of laudation throughout this book may be accepted for the novels, but it is not applicable to the poems. Hardy was, after all, a man who would be a poet and had no song. The great achievement of *The Dynasts* is in its structure and vast scope, hardly in its lyrical moments or in the character of its blank verse. The comparison with Browning falls; Browning chose to be harsh in diction, while Hardy could not be anything else. And to conclude, as Professor Weber does, that Hardy is one of the great spiritual leaders of the modern world is patently ridiculous. J. G. E. HOPKINS

WHEN THE MONGOLS BALKED ENCIRCLEMENT

THE MARCH OF THE BARBARIANS. By Harold Lamb. Doubleday, Doran and Co. \$4

THERE has grown such a wealth of legend and myth around the names of Marco Polo and Genghis Khan, there is such a heavy mist obscuring the origins of the amazing Mongols, there were such stunning and sweeping successes to their fantastic cavalry warfare, that the average reader has been content to catalog their names and their stories on the "Folk lore" shelf, directly under the multicolored fairy books. Harold Lamb with this remarkable narrative corrects the sensitive reader and sends him with all his Genghiskhania right to the authentic history section to place the Mongol chieftain's name first on the list of world warriors.

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This is absorbing, high-powered writing. While the reader may need an occasional reference to index or glossary for enlightenment on the weird Oriental vocabulary, he will nevertheless be lifted into the swing of romance, pillage and barbaric daring that turns the pages for him in this source-book of thrillers. The word "source-book" brings me to the one dash of negative criticism I would throw into the briskly-boiling pot of praise. I think Mr. Lamb was at his brilliant best while he dealt with the thirteenth century alone. The subsequent centuries are treated with too much compression or in strokes much too broad. The result is a loss of color and point and speed and fine frenzy that distinguish four-fifths of his story. I feel that he had material at hand that cried out loud for a two-volume output.

I would like that faint damnation, however, to be swallowed up in a richly-deserved tribute to the merits of his scholarly and stirring work. He has drawn his lines boldly and surely and shown us an historical epoch when civilization stood quaking in its shoes, dreading the moment when yellow savagery would wreck the last white battalions backed against the sea. In these anxious days, when reporters have already exhausted all the adjectives up to and beyond "colossal," it is healthy to remember that there were war-crazed hordes before that dreamed of broader empires and spread more universal terror. They are now grubbing for roots on some vague Siberian tundra.

RAYMOND J. MCINNIS

THE MEANING OF THE GOOD SOCIETY

SOCIOLOGY. By Walter L. Willigan and John J. O'Connor. Longmans, Green and Co. \$2

IN the modern world, say the authors of this introductory manual for the Catholic student of social questions, it is imperative for the student of sociology "to know the direction that social living ought to take. Merely to be expert in the knowledge of what is, and to have no conception of what ought to be, is certainly a waste of time and energy. The Catholic student, exploring the field of societal living, has a distinct advantage of all other students of sociology. Having been instructed in the fundamental truths of Christianity, he knows with certainty why he was born. He knows his final destiny."

Without, therefore, entering into the discussion of the various tenets as to the scope of sociology, the degree to which it should be considered as an inductive or deductive science or how far sociology properly so-called may be identified with social philosophy, Messrs. Willigan and O'Connor, chairmen, respectively, of the departments of Social Science and of History at St. John's University, in Brooklyn, N. Y., provide a plan whereby the college student may find himself in immediate contact with current practical problems, in the spirit of the Social Encyclicals. Their treatment is necessarily summary, but it is aided by abundant references, also by some helpful "balance sheets."

The authors rightly insist that the student must be provided with a "rational basis" for the rejection of Marxism and Nazism, and not rely merely on blind op-

position. The cooperatives and the rural-life problem find their place in the discussion, as does the question of the Negro and race relations. Using the report of the New York State Board of Inquiry (which has received far too little attention), they observe that "Negro labor must be allowed to share more equitably in all employment opportunities of our industrial economy," while the social and religious condition of the Negro must be considered along with his economic status.

Here and there are evidences of haste. The contrast (p. 230) between the organic corporate state and the "arbitrary" nineteenth-century state is oversimplified. There are organic, semi-corporate or pre-corporate institutions existing in so-called democratic states, such as Holland (*as was*, at least) and Switzerland; and the general economy of Portugal is too simple to allow us to use it as much as we should like as a measuring stick for the huge complex economies of the major nations. Many competent observers would express themselves less confidently about the "rhythm" theory (p. 41); and Martha's Vineyard (p. 124) at last reckonings was not off Connecticut. But these are incidental and the authors have made a very practical addition to the encouraging bookshelf of Catholic works on sociology.

JOHN LAFARGE

THE MYSTICAL THEOLOGY OF SAINT BERNARD. By Etienne Gilson. Translated by A. H. C. Downes. Sheed and Ward. \$3.50

FOR publishing this work of Professor Gilson, Sheed and Ward deserve the gratitude of the Catholic public. Not only have we a clear and brief analysis of the origins and development of the Cistercian contributions to Mystical Theology, especially as it unfolded in the writings of Saint Bernard, but we can read the keen and penetrating summaries of contemporary theories under the authoritative guidance of an expert medievalist. Those who wish to pursue their interests in the writers of the days of Citeaux will find the pages well documented; those who seek more light than is given in the text may enjoy the copious and illuminating notes.

All this proves that the volume in hand is a scholarly piece of work and appeals to scholars. But it is to be hoped that research students in these matters will not be the only ones to avail themselves of the work. It should be in the possession of those who are interested more in the spiritual than in the scholarly study of the writings of the Cistercian school on the love of God. The book is a storehouse of valuable material adaptable to the needs of Catholics in their spiritual lives.

W. J. McGARRY

A GLANCE AT THE EDITOR'S BOOK CASE

IT was to simple shepherds that the first tidings of the Incarnation was made in the fields of Bethlehem, and it fits in with the Divine plan that the Mother of the Incarnate Word should have appeared to three shepherds at Fátima, in Portugal. The story is told by Monsignor Finbar Ryan, O.P., in *Our Lady of Fátima* (Herder, \$1.75). It was in 1917 that the Blessed Virgin appeared at Fátima; but time counts for nothing with Him to Whom a thousand years are but as yesterday.

The distinguished English Dominican, Father Vincent McNabb, O.P., in *Mary of Nazareth* (Kenedy, \$1.35) gives some excerpts from his note books on Mary's participation in the economy of our supernatural life on earth. A handy devotional book, suitable for every day throughout the year.

In *A Passion Flower of Carmel*, which Frater Joachim Smet, O.Carm., has adapted from the Dutch of Father Pius Aan de Stegge, O.Carm. (Carmelite Press, Chicago, \$1), is told the life story of Mother Josephine, a Nether-

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lands Carmelite nun who died in 1931. This biography, be it understood, demonstrates the extraordinary ordinariness of God, which is something the world seems to have lost sight of.

Precious little is left to the imagination in *Frank Gannett: A Biography*, by Samuel T. Williamson (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, \$2). Mr. Gannett is not what you might call unknown to the American voting public. That he is a man of destiny seems to be the impression conveyed. As to which . . . well, there are two sides to most questions.

In reading *Five and Ten: The Fabulous Life of F. W. Woolworth* by John K. Winkler (McBride, \$3), you might get the notion that God is on the side of the big bank balances. Mr. Winkler does not exactly say that. But he has a proper respect for the go-getting of the go-getters, and of a billion dollars he speaks with reverent awe; for of such is the kingdom . . . of this world.

Chart for Rough Water, by Waldo Frank (Doubleday Doran, \$1.75), is an attempt to clear up modern thought for the past four centuries, and there is more sympathy than reason in the conclusions arrived at. Mr. Frank disparages American isolationism, of which possibly he knows something; then he estimates Christian social and religious teaching, of which his knowledge is rather jejune.

That there are miracles is indisputable, but Hugh Miller in *History and Science* (University of California Press, \$2) evidently suffers from intellectual myopia. Not that his book is about miracles particularly, but he envisages a naturalistic explanation of the Kingdom of God, a concept which possesses all the modern virtues except that of being modern.

Here is an old friend come in its eighteenth edition. *The Library List*, compiled by Father Bertrand L. Conway of the Paulist Fathers, which is published by the Catholic Unity League and costs 30 cents, lists ten thousand recommended books and pamphlets. You may borrow any one of these ten thousand, and that is why the list is recommended here.

Somewhat academic, yet sound in its literary and philosophical judgment is *Preface to World Literature* by Albert Guerard (Holt, \$3.50). Professor Guerard maintains that there are no one thousand best books, nor even one hundred best books—for literary education is not a patent medicine. Each one has to take his own individual prescription. And that, in these days of pre-digested reading, is counsel beyond price.

If you do not like war, then *It Was Like This* by Hervey Allen (Farrar and Rinehart, \$1.50) is the book for you. It consists of two stories, not altogether pleasant in the reading, but convincingly pertinent to the point that war is beastly—though there are beastlier things!

Another tale of war is E. M. Delafield's *The Provincial Lady in Wartime* (Harpers, \$2.50), which has for its setting an English household in the early weeks of the present war. There is quite a deal of humor in this book, and an amount about the English attitude toward the war before its later nastiness. Might be British propaganda, but isn't.

Susan Glaspell is not at her best in *The Morning Is Near Us* (Stokes, \$2.50). The story centers about a mystery and, between ourselves, Susan might have hit upon a more palatable mystery. For the revelation is by no means edifying, and taking the story in the lump, it is one that calls for no special commendation in these pages.

Here is a nice, clean and pleasant tale in *Mariana* by Sally Salminen (Farrar and Rinehart, \$2.50) translated from the Swedish. Nothing terribly exciting about it. But just a straight-forward tale about a young girl of the Aaland Islands, and of her peace and happiness after much drudgery. And not prissy at that!

Sorry about Louis Bromfield, but his *Night in Bombay* (Harpers, \$2.50) is not the sort of novel that this column can fall for. There is fine writing in it; but all the fine writing in the world cannot make one of the deadly sins anything but one of the deadly sins. Life consists of more than carnality, Louis. THE GLANCER

MUSIC

EVER since the Hitlerization of the Tyrol country, and even before, patriotic phrase-mongers have looked homeward, at one time or another, to dub each domestic summer music center an "American Salzburg." That it is an ill-applied term becomes apparent after a thoughtful comparison. No musical festival anywhere is comparable, in the variety of its scope, to that of the now historic Salzburg. Of all summer music-making in this country, perhaps the Berkshire Symphonic Festival of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, has the most fertile seeds.

However, the apparent one-tracked attitude of this festival, about to enter its seventh summer, is disappointing. The final decisions on this year's programs have been recently announced. A perusal reveals interesting, but disconcerting facts. It is found that three of the major items were presented at last year's festival, and seven in 1938. The writer remembers having heard the orchestra play ten of the selections in New York and Brooklyn last winter. The most prominent offering, Bach's B Minor Mass, was given by the same orchestra, soloists and choral bodies as late as April 21 in Boston. For that matter, it safely may be assumed that everything on this summer's festival programs was given by the orchestra in its home city last winter.

For seven years these programs, with occasional exceptions, have been scarcely more than a repetition of the stable symphonic fare on the orchestra's regular concerts. Such a procedure prompts the question of the purpose of the festival's establishment. All the foregoing could easily be understood and accounted for, if these were concerts to bring music to the underprivileged. A look at the admission, along with the hotel and transportation bills, will quickly decide this point. Could it be to enable travelers from other States to hear one of the world's finest orchestras? But this opportunity exists all fall and winter in Boston, under better conditions.

It simmers down to whether, in this instance, the music or the performance should be of primary importance. Up to the present this festival has held a unique position only by virtue of its superlative performances; not by virtue of its programs. Eighty per cent of the Berkshire fare has always found place in the repertory of much less pretentious summer institutions.

By the fact of its excelling virtuoso equipment, this orchestra under its brilliant conductor, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, should feel obliged to further the nation's musical culture by paying homage to those masterpieces which unaccountably have been allowed to collect more than their share of dust. Thus, this year, instead of the Beethoven Violin Concerto, it would be good to hear the Delius concerto. The *Sea Drift* of the same composer, along with Stravinsky's *Symphony of the Psalms*, or Belioz' *Childhood of Christ*, might be substituted as choral works for the Bach Mass, a questionable festival choice in the first place. It would be interesting to hear the extremely rare second or third piano concerto of Tschaikowsky in place of the Stravinsky *Capriccio*, given in New York, Brooklyn and Boston last season. This being the former composer's centenary year, Dr. Koussevitzky has observed it both in New York and Boston with performances of the already perennial three symphonies.

A third observation with the same music is scheduled for this summer's programs. It would have been refreshing and respectful to take a summer's leave of this hundred-times familiar music. A symphony each by Mahler and Bruckner, with a lesser known one of Dvorak, could be absorbing substitutions. And so on. But this is an attempt at inquiry, not at program making.

JOHN P. COVENEY

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THEATRE

LOVE FOR LOVE. The one-week run of this seventeenth century classic, given by the Players' Club, will be over when these lines appear. Let us admit at once that there are hosts of human beings who like these theatrical excursions into the private lives of rakes of the past, and let us hasten to add that the revival was admirably presented and acted.

Being in a candid mood, I see no reason why I should not also express the hope that we may have another long and restful interval before we are again called upon to enjoy Mr. Congreve's *Love for Love*. This is not an age about which we can do much bragging. Least of all can we point to our stage as stainless.

We cannot be too critical of the past, however, after a winter in which seven of our plays presented as their main theme adultery between young couples of from eighteen to twenty-one, such adultery usually occurring within forty-eight hours after the couples have met for the first time. Nothing quite as bad as that occurred to Mr. William Congreve, or if it did, he refrained from putting it into a play.

Today's defense would undoubtedly be that in all the seven plays referred to the playwrights were seriously presenting American life as we are living it in these world conditions, whereas Mr. Congreve was merely trying to amuse audiences with what in his day was considered good comedy stuff. Another defense point would be that Congreve's characters were men and women in their thirties to fifties, not unsophisticated infants.

After which brief excursion, it is in order to repeat that the Players made a big success of their revival. Of the distinguished cast that played it, the honors went to Bobby Clark as Ben and to Cornelia Otis Skinner as a very lovely and alluring Angelica. Nor will Dudley Digges' playing of Foresight be soon forgotten. Peggy Wood, Violet Heming, and Dorothy Gish also helped the good work along, and Otis Skinner made a curtain speech that established a new record for charm.

HIGHER AND HIGHER. The general feeling about the new Rodgers and Hart musical show, *Higher and Higher*, is that the book by Gladys Hurlbut is not up to the music and lyrics. I agree. Though superbly produced by Dwight Deere Wiman at the Shubert Theatre, though staged by Logan and with settings by Jo Mielziner, *Higher and Higher* persistently refuses to click. It really has an admirable company, including Marta Eggert, Shirley Ross, Jack Haley, Hilda Spong, Eva Condon and a trained seal, Sharkey.

WALK WITH MUSIC. It is a hard season for musical comedies. We all have our troubles and our worries, and we do not want these to be added to by disappointments in the theatre. Looked at casually, *Walk with Music* should be a success. Its original story was written by Guy Bolton, a real writer with an excellent sense of humor. Mr. Bolton has a nice disposition and may have been too yielding. He allowed two other playwrights to help him to "adapt" and this is usually a fatal mistake. The fact remains that even with Kitty Carlisle, Mitzi Green, and Frances Williams as aids *Walk with Music* has not yet caught on.

FAREWELLS. Many more plays that showed evidence of long life this spring have left us, including *Love's Old Sweet Song* and *Lady in Waiting*. The latter most of us expected Gladys George to carry through the summer. Mr. Lawrence Olivier's one-man *Romeo and Juliet* has also gone, but no one is surprised. We still have fifteen productions on our New York stage, compared with thirteen for the corresponding week last year.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

FOUR SONS. All the elements of personal tragedy contained in the original version of this story are intact, yet the film as a whole falls short of tragic effect. What was genuinely moving as a retrospective commentary on the World War has become merely grim and falsely dramatic as an indictment of the Nazi occupation of Czechoslovakia. John Howard Lawson's job of revision has been done from the propagandist viewpoint, which was inevitable considering the times and the author's tendencies, and there is much more of ideological hatred in it than human sympathy. Archie Mayo's direction further emphasizes this weakness, and in the resulting clashes of pathos and irony, the note of bitterness is dominant. A Sudeten mother loses three of her sons, one fighting for the Czechs who kills his Nazi brother and is slain in turn by the Germans, one in the Polish campaign. The fourth son draws anti-Nazi cartoons from the safe distance of America, an unintentionally ironic bit of portraiture. That fourth son is a good symbol of much of the "liberal" opposition to Hitlerism. Eugenie Leontovitch wins sympathy by the depth and restraint of her German mother, and Don Ameche, Alan Curtis and George Ernest are adequate. Because of its bitterness, the film sets up an unfavorable reaction. Audiences in the midst of war scares will not relish its studied horror, and adults with a reasoned repulsion for Nazism may resent its being exploited on behalf of suspect interpretations of democracy. (*Twentieth Century-Fox*)

BROTHER ORCHID. Hollywood gives ambiguous recognition to the religious life as a force in shaping a man's reformation in this uncertain comedy, but does not accord it the same noble seriousness lavished on the Warden Lawes system of character building. Of course, this is a fanciful tale handled by Lloyd Bacon with eccentricity and drawing its humor from the single source of incongruity. When a passe gangster attempts to win back his high position in low society, he is left for dead near the retreat of the Brothers of the Little Flower. His surrender to religion is reluctant, but he finally grasps the ideal of self-sacrifice which motivates the Brotherhood and retires from the world after a necessary foray in which he removes a gangster threat to the flower industry of his adopted companions. To criticize the picture for any omissions in the spiritual order is to overestimate its importance. Adults will enjoy it on its own terms. Edward G. Robinson's gangster mannerisms are freshened by contrast, and Ann Sothern, Ralph Bellamy, Donald Crisp are capable support. (*Warner*)

SAFARI. An African background, replete with jungle terrors, lends a flush of excitement to this otherwise forced story of romantic intrigue. The heroine goes on a trip into the wilds with a titled hunter but her plan to marry for security goes awry when they pick up a guide who is a romantic counterpart of her first love, a professional soldier. The jealous Baron sees to it that the newcomer has a dangerous time. Edward H. Griffith's direction is shrewd, and the triteness of plot and emotions is camouflaged by suspense and atmosphere. The cast is superior, and Madeleine Carroll, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Tullio Carminati and Muriel Angelus make the film passable adult entertainment. (*Paramount*)

SANDY IS A LADY. A hectic day out of the life of an adventurous baby forms the alleged plot of this comedy, and Baby Sandy cuts the hair-raising capers on lofty girders that made Harold Lloyd famous and his audiences nervous wrecks. Mischa Auer, Billy Gilbert and Edgar Kennedy add grown-up hilarity to this high-pitched family amusement. (*Universal*)

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EVENTS

COURT cases stirred the nation. . . . An Eastern bench
condemned a Spitz dog to death for biting three persons. The lady owner appealed the decision to the highest court of the State. . . . It appears that the law is vague. It is not clear whether a dog is allowed to take legal nips out of two or three persons. . . . Dogs themselves do not know where they stand. . . . Letter-carriers, delivery men long for a clarification of the statutes. Facing dogs about to bite them, they want to know the legality of the action, their rights in the matter. . . . The lawyer representing the Spitz canine in question, argued the first bite occurred before the adoption of a city ordinance restricting a dog to three bites on human beings, with or without provocation. This first nip, he maintained, could not be counted because the Constitution of the United States condemned retroactive legislation. . . . A high State court upheld the municipal three-bite legislation and it seemed that only the United States Supreme Court could save the dog, give him the opportunity to chew more humans. . . .

In a felony court, the judge opened a case involving the
punching of a lady's nose by a strange gentleman for
no reason. . . . According to a newspaper account, the
action suddenly became more complicated than "a French
strategic withdrawal." . . . The defense attorney re-
quested postponement so that he might have time to
prepare his case. When the judge suggested the following
Thursday, the lady complained: "I'm a WPA teacher,
and I cannot get time off to attend court except over
weekends." . . . His Honor then made it the following
Saturday. . . . The arresting officer piped up: "I'm getting
married on Saturday." . . . The judge, beaming, de-
clared: "OK. I suppose you will desire a honeymoon.
We will make the trial three weeks from Saturday." . . .
The defense attorney objected: "But that's my birth-
day." The judge, putting an end to his beaming, snorted:
"The trial will occur three weeks from Saturday." . . .

In Deland, Fla., a shepherd, "seeing-eye" dog was hon-
ored by Stetson University with a degree of canine
fidelity. The dog, Katje, now a CF, led his blind master
across the stage to receive a degree. . . . The dog
was attired in cap and gown. It was revealed he
would join the alumni association. . . . Conferring of the
degree recalled the bestowal of a diploma on a horse
in Idaho last year. . . . Contemplation of the injury
wreaked on humans by modern atheistic education made
dog-lovers and horse-lovers apprehensive. They feared
a movement to spread the so-called benefits of the
nation's alleged institutions of learning to harmless and in-
offensive animals. . . . Admirers of Bimelech declared:
"Viewing the havoc wrought on boys and girls by the
schools and universities of the land, we hereby announce
we will exhaust every effort to safeguard this innocent
horse, Bimelech, from the noxious influences which are
today sweeping through our academic halls. We will
vigorously oppose every effort to lure him from his stall
to any academic hall. His stall is a much saner, healthier
place, and there is incomparably more genuine academic
freedom in it than there is in our schools and colleges.
If Bimelech is corrupted by rattle-brained professors,
it will be over our dead bodies."

A movement to rescue American boys and girls from
the deadly atheistic atmosphere of the nation's colleges
and universities by luring them to stalls and sties was
launched. Said a horse-loving father: "Ordinarily I would
not want to see my children in stalls. But in these times
when the schools are filling them with a contempt for
God Almighty, stalls are better than schools."

THE PARADER

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